





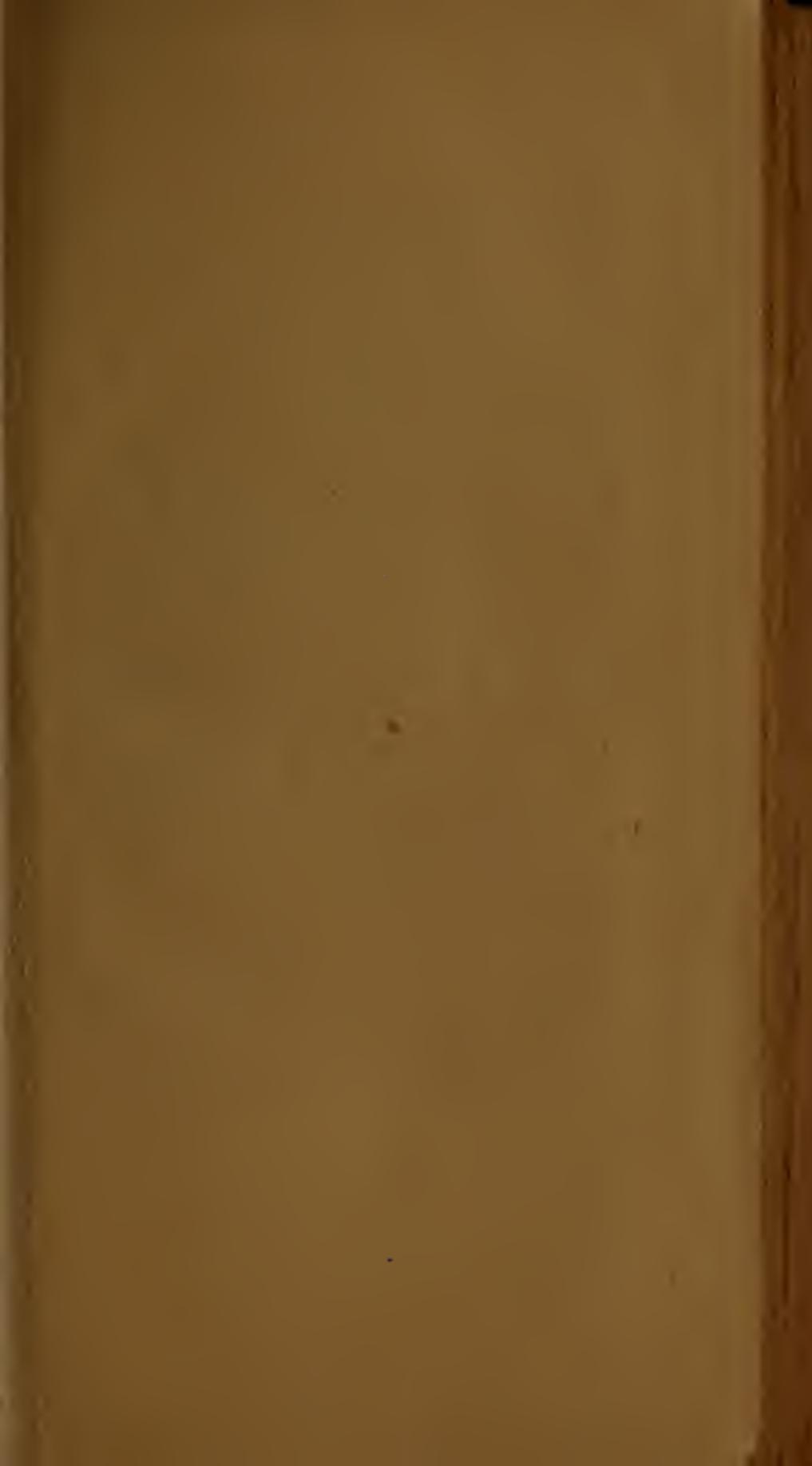
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Frontispiece.

# LALLA ROOKH

*With Prose.*

*Passa Rookli*

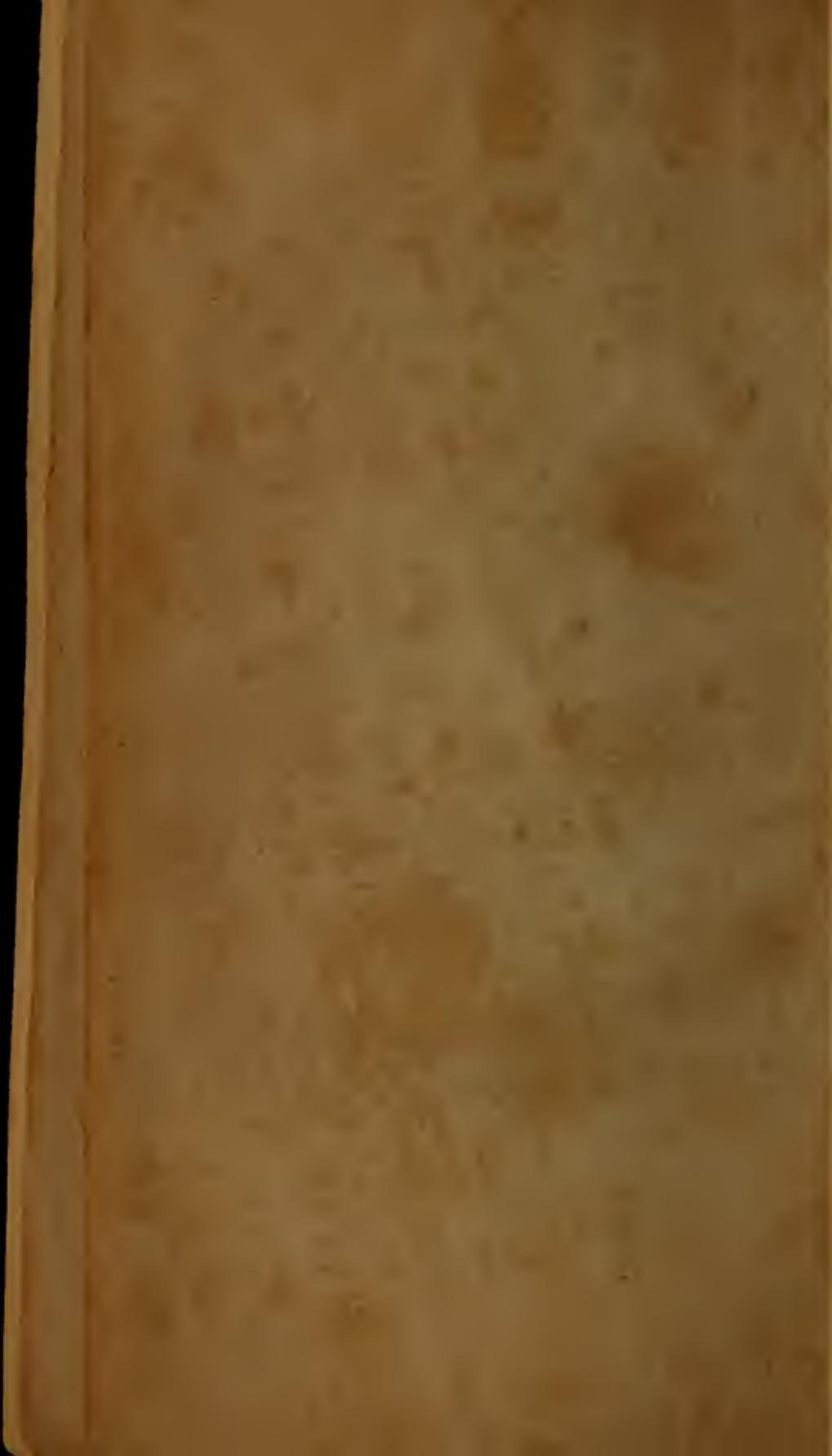
(*BY*)

T. MOORE ESO.

*Boston*

*Published by S. G. Goodrich.*

1828.



# LLALLA ROOKH,

BY

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

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NEW EDITION.

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BOSTON.

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W. L. Shoemaker

7 S '06

# MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

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THOMAS MOORE, Esq. the only son of Mr. Garret Moore, formerly a respectable merchant in Dublin, and who still resides there, was born May 28, 1780. He has two sisters; and his infantine days seem to have left the most agreeable impressions on his memory; for in an epistle to his eldest sister, dated November, 1803, and written from Norfolk in Virginia, he retraces with delight their childhood, and describes the endearments of home, with a sensibility as exquisite as that which breathes through the lines of Cowper, on receiving his mother's picture.

He acquired the rudiments of an excellent education under the care of the late Mr. Samuel White, of Dublin, a gentleman extensively known and respected as the early tutor of Sheridan. He evinced such talent in early life as determined his father to give him the advantages of a superior education, and at the early age of fourteen, he was entered a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Moore was greatly distinguished while at the University, by an enthusiastic attachment to the liberty and independence of his country, which he more than once publicly asserted with uncommon energy and eloquence, and he was equally admired for the splendour of his classical attainments, and the sociability of his disposition. On the 19th November, 1799, Mr. Moore entered himself a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and in the course

## MEMOIR OF

of the year 1800, before he had completed the 20th year of his age, he published his translation of the "Odes of Anacreon" into English verse, with notes, from whence, in the vocabulary of fashion, he has ever since been designated by the appellation of Anacreon Moore. So early as his twelfth year he appears to have meditated on executing this performance which, if not a close version, must be confessed to be a fascinating one, of this favorite bard. The work is introduced by a Greek ode from the pen of the Translator, and is dedicated, with permission, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. When Mr. Moore first came to London his youthful appearance was such, that being at a large dinner party and getting up to escort the ladies to the drawing-room, a French gentleman observed, "Ah! le petit bon homme, qui s'en va." Mr. Moore's subsequent brilliant conversation, however, soon proved him to be, though little of stature, yet, like Gay, "in wit, a man."—Assuming the appropriate name of Little, our author published in 1801, a volume of original Poems, chiefly amatory. Of the contents of this volume it is impossible to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. Many of the poems exhibit strong marks of genius, they are the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination, which may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of lubricity which pervades too many of them. In the same year, his "Philosophy of Pleasure" was advertised, but was never published.

Mr. Moore's diffidence of his poetical talents induced him to adopt, and with reluctance reject, as a motto for this work, the quotation from Horace,

Primum ego me illorum, quibus dederim esse poëtis.  
Excerpam numera; neque enim concludere versus  
Dixeris esse satis—

and to this very day, although his reputation is so well established, he speaks of himself with his wonted modesty. "Whatever fame he might have acquir-

ed, he attributed principally to the verses which he had adapted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. His verses, in themselves, could boast of but little merit, but like flies preserved in amber, they were esteemed in consequence of the precious materials by which they were surrounded."

Mr. Sheridan, in speaking on the subject of this memoir, said, "That there was no man who put so much of his heart in his fancy as Tom Moore: that his soul seemed as if it were a particle of fire separated from the Sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat."

Towards the autumn of 1803, Mr. Moore embarked for Bermuda, where he had obtained the appointment of Registrar to the Admiralty. This was a patent place, and of a description so unsuitable to his temper of mind, that he soon found it expedient to fulfil the duties of it by a deputy, with whom, in consideration of circumstances, he consented to divide the profits accruing from it, and which proved wholly unworthy of Mr. Moore's serious attention. "Though curiosity, therefore," says he, "was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it." "Having remained about a week at New-York," he continues, "where I saw Madame, the half repudiated wife of Jerome Bonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, the only things that particularly awakened my attention, I sailed again for Norfolk, where I proceeded on my tour northward through Williamsburgh, Richmond," &c. In October, 1804, he quitted America on his return to England in the Boston frigate, commanded by Capt. Douglass, whom he has highly eulogized for his attention during the voyage. In 1806 he published his remarks on the Manners and Society of America, in a work entitled *Odes and Epistles*. The preface to this little work has sufficiently established the talent of Mr. Moore as a prose writer.

The fate of Addison with his Countess Dowager

holding out no encouragement for the ambitious love of Mr. Moore, he wisely and happily allowed his good taste to regulate his choice in a wife, and some years ago married Miss Dyke, a young lady of great personal beauty, most amiable disposition, and accomplished manners, in whose society he passes much of his time in retirement near Bath, devoting himself chiefly to literary pursuits. His domestic happiness has fully satisfied his mind on the doubts raised in it by the celebrated proposition of the Love casuists, "An Formosa sit ducenda?"

Mr. Moore appears equally to have cultivated a taste for music as well as for poesy, and the late celebrated Dr. Burney was perfectly astonished at his talent, which he emphatically called "peculiarly his own." Nor has he neglected those more solid attainments which should ever distinguish the well bred gentleman, for he is an excellent general scholar, and particularly well read in the literature of the middle ages. His conversational powers are great, and his modest and unassuming manners have placed him in the highest rank of cultivated society.

Our limits will not permit us to extend this brief sketch of Erin's favourite Bard, but the name of Moore needs not the "foreign aid of ornament," the eloquence of language to set it off. It is in the glowing lustre of his luxuriant fancy—in the vivid sparklings of his sportive, yet pungent wit—in the lofty untameable spirit of his patriotism, that his history is written in letters of light, which like the sacred flame of the Persian devotees, posterity shall preserve with the proud, but hallowed feelings which immortal genius alone inspires.

## LLALLA ROOKH.

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IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Ibdalla, king of the lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the royal pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the emperor, LLALLA ROOKH ;\*—a princess described by poets of her time, as more beautiful than Lelia, Shrine, Dewilde, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young king, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of LLALLA ROOKH's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners

\* Tulip cheek.

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shining in the water ; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses ; \* till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her ; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take the last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the boughs of their saddles ;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan, in the brightness of their silver battle axes and the massiness of their maces of gold ; the glittering of the gilt pine apples on the tops of the palankeens ; the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of LLALLA ROOKH lay, as it were, enshrined ; the rose-coloured veils of the princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing ; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young king had sent to accompany his bride and who rode on each side of the litter, upon sma'

Arabian horses ;—all was brilliant, tasteful and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, from the pencilling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature ; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem ; and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi, “Should the prince at noon day say, it is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.” And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jagher-naut.

During the first days of their journey, LLALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the royal gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination : and, when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl ; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes ; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves ;”—she felt a harm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LLALLA ROOKH was young,

and the young love variety ; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the vina, and who now and then lulled the princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when at length, it was recollect ed that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his royal master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet FADLADEEN elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her ;—she fel-

inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LLALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,\* such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the ladies of the princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence ; nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics ; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirits of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashimerian held in his hand a kitar, such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra, and having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern empire, made an obeisance to the princess, and thus began :—

\* The Indian Apollo.

## LLALLA ROOKH.

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### THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.\*

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In that delightful province of the sun,  
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,  
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream,  
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves,  
Among MEROU's † bright palaces and groves ;—  
There, on that throne, to which the blind belief  
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,  
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung  
The Veil, the silver Veil, which he had flung,  
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight  
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.  
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,  
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed  
O'er MOUSSA's † cheek, when down the mount he  
trod,  
All glowing from the presence of his God !

\* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, province, or region of the sun. *Sir W. Jones.*

† One of the royal cities of Khorassan. † Moses.

## LLALLA ROOKH.

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,  
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands ;  
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,  
On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;  
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand  
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,  
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,  
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death !  
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,\*  
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;  
Their weapons various ;—some equipp'd for speed,  
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed ;  
Or bows of Buffalo horn, and shining quivers  
Fill'd with the stems † that bloom on IRAN'S rivers ;  
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,  
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe ;  
And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam  
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem  
Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter throws  
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold  
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,  
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,  
Where, through the silken net-work, glancing eyes  
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow  
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—

What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare

\* Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.

† Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

To hint that aught but Heav'n had plac'd you  
there ?

Or that the loves of this light world could bind  
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind ?  
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above  
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,  
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise)  
There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,  
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades !—  
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done :  
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,  
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning founts,\*  
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN'S  
mounts ;

From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,  
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY ;†  
And GEORGIA's bloom and AZAB's darker smiles,  
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;  
All, all are there,—each land its flower hath given,  
To form that fair young nursery for heaven !

But why this pageant now ? this arm'd array ?  
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,  
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
Like tulip-beds, of different shapes and dyes,  
Bending beneath th'invisible west-wind's sighs !  
What new-made mystery now, for faith to sign,  
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,—  
What dazzling mimickry of God's own power

\* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chitto-gong, esteemed as holy. *Turner.*

† China.

Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour ?  
 Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—  
 Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,  
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
 And sur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,  
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
 Like war's wild planet in a summer's sky :—  
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes  
 Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords,—  
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,  
 The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows  
 Young AZIM's fame ;—beyond th'Olympian snows;  
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,\*  
 He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd his chains ;  
 Oh ! who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains  
 Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise  
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,  
 Could walk where liberty had been, nor see  
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,  
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there ?  
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well  
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell ;  
 And now, returning to his own dear land,  
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
 Haunt the young heart ;—proud views of human-  
 kind,  
 Of men to gods exalted and refin'd ;—

\* In the war of the Caliph Mohadi against the empress Irene, for an account of which v. *Gibbon* vol. x.

False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
 Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet!—  
 Soon as he heard an arm divine was rais'd  
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd  
 On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,  
 Those words of sunshine, “Freedom to the World,”  
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd  
 'Th' inspiring summons ; every chosen blade,  
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,  
 Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;  
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind  
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,  
 In virtue's cause ;—never was soul inspir'd  
 With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,  
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale,  
 With pious awe, before that silver Veil,  
 Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,  
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free,  
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,  
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd  
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,  
 With shouts of “ ALLA!” echoing long and loud ;  
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,  
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,  
 Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan  
 The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN.  
 Then thus he spoke :—“ Stranger, though new the  
 frame

“ Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame  
 “ For many an age,\* in every chance and change

\* The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines. v. *D'Herbelot*.

" Of that existence, through whose varied range,  
 " As through a torch-race, where, from hand to  
     hand,  
 " The flying youths transmit their shining brand,—  
 " From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul  
 " Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

" Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits, warm'd  
 " With duskier fire, and for earth's medium form'd,  
 " That run this course : beings, the most divine,  
 " Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.  
 " Such was the essence that in ADAM dwelt,  
 " To which all heav'n, except the Proud One  
     knelt;\*  
 " Such the refin'd intelligence that glow'd  
 " In MOUSSA's frame ;—and, thence descending,  
     flow'd  
 " Through many a prophet's breast ;—in ISSA †  
     shone,  
 " And in MOHAMMED burn'd ; till, hastening on,  
 " As a bright river that, from fall to fall  
 " In many a maze descending, bright through all,  
 " Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth  
     past,  
 " In one full lake of light it rests at last !  
 " That holy spirit, settling calm and free  
 " From lapse or shadow, centres all in me !!"

Again, throughout th' assembly at these words,  
 Thousands of voices rung ; the warriors' swords,

\* " And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him except Eblis, (Lucifer,) who refused." *The Koran*, chap. ii.

† Jesus.

Were pointed up to heav'n; a sudden wind  
 In th' open banners play'd, and from behind  
 Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
 The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen  
 Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave  
 A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave  
 When beckoning to their bowers th' immortal  
 brave.

“ But these,” pursued the Chief, “ are truths  
     “ sublime,  
 “ That claim a holier mood and calmer time  
 “ Than earth allows us now;—this word must first  
 “ The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,  
 “ Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in  
 “ Her wakening day light on a world of sin!  
 “ But then, celestial warriors, then, when all  
 “ Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner  
     “ fall;  
 “ When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down  
 “ His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,  
 “ The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,  
 “ And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath  
 “ Shall like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze  
 “ That whole dark pile of h'man mockeries;—  
 “ Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
 “ And, starting fresh, as from a second birth,—  
 “ Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
 “ Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!  
 “ Then, too, your prophet from his angel brow  
 “ Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,  
 “ And gladden'd earth shall, through her wide ex-  
     “ panse,  
 “ Bask in the glories of this countenance!

" For thee, young warrior welcome !—thou hast yet  
 " Some task to learn, some frailties to forget,  
 " Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can  
 wave ;—

" But, once my own, mine all till in the grave !"  
 The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—  
 Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone  
 Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA's own !  
 The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,  
 The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught  
 glances ;

The old deep pondering on the promis'd reign  
 Of peace and truth ; and all the female train  
 Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze  
 A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids  
 Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,  
 One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day  
 Has been like death ;—you saw her pale dismay,  
 Ye wondering sis' erhood, and heard the burst  
 Of exclamation from her lips, when first  
 She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
 Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA ! there *was* a time, when bliss  
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;  
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer !  
 When round him hung such a perpetual spell,  
 Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.  
 Too happy days ! when, if he touch'd a flower  
 Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;  
 When thou didst study him, till every tone

And gesture and dear look became thy own,—  
 Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
*In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,*  
 Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
 With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!  
 Yet now he comes—brighter than even he  
 E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;  
 No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant  
 From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt  
 Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,  
 Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—  
 Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our youth  
 Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
 And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
 In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
 Of our young life, and points out every ray  
 Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud BOKHARA's groves,  
 Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?  
 Born by that ancient flood,\* which from its spring  
 In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
 Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines  
 With relics from BUCHARIA's ruby mines,  
 And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,  
 In the cold lake of Eagles sinks at length;—  
 There, on the banks of that bright river born,  
 The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,

\* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Bless'd not the waters as they murmur'd by,  
 With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh  
 And virgin glance of first affection cast  
 Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd !  
 But war disturb'd this vision—far away  
 From her fond eyes, summon'd to join th' array  
 Of PERSIA's warriors on the hills of THRACE,  
 The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling place  
 For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash ;  
 His ZELICA's sweet glances for the flash  
 Of Grecian wild-fire, and love's gentle chains  
 For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
 Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll  
 Their suns away—but, ah ! how cold and dim  
 Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him !  
 From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,  
 (Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick-man's name  
 Just ere he dies,—) at length those sounds of dread  
 Fell withering on her soul, “ AZIM is dead ! ”  
 Oh ! grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
 First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
 In the wide world, without that only tie  
 For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die ;—  
 Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
 Since the sad day its master-chord was broken !

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
 Ev'n reason sunk blighted beneath its touch ;  
 And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose  
 Above the first dead pressure of its woes,  
 Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate  
 chain

Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.  
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,  
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray ;—  
 A wandering bark, upon whose path-way shone  
 All stars of heav'n, except the guiding one !  
 Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,  
 But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild ;  
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,  
 'Twas like the notes, half extacy, half pain,  
 The bulbul\* utters, ere her soul depart,  
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,  
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her  
 heart !

Such was the mood in which that mission found  
 Young ZELICA,—that mission, which around  
 The Eastern world, in every region blest  
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,  
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,  
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies !—  
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives  
 Dropped on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,  
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find  
 In the wild maiden's sorrow blighted mind.  
 All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught ;—  
 Elect of Paradise ! blest, rapturous thought ;  
 Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
 Of some brave youth—ha ! durst they say “of some ?”  
 No—of the one, one only object trac'd  
 In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd ;  
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd  
 With ev'ry broken link of her lost mind.

\* The Nightingale

Whose image lives, though reason's self be wreck'd.  
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor ZELICA! it needed all  
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,  
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids  
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;  
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame  
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came  
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere  
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!  
No—had not reason's light totally set,  
And left thee dark, thou had'st an amulet  
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,  
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's art,  
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,  
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—  
But lost, inflam'd,—a restless zeal took place  
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;  
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first  
In zeal and charms,—too well th' Impostor nurs'd  
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,  
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame  
He saw more potent sorceries to bind  
To this dark yoke the spirits of mankind,  
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.  
No art was spar'd, no witchery;—all the skill  
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill  
Her mind with gloom and extacy by turns—  
That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer burns;  
That extacy, which from the depth of sadness  
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is mad-  
ness!

"I'was from a brilliant banquet, where the sound  
 Of poesy and music breath'd around,  
 Together picturing to her mind and ear  
 The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,  
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,  
 And, realizing more than youthful love  
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove  
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
 Upon the Spirit's light should pass away,  
 And, realizing more than youthful love  
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove  
 Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM's side,  
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!

'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this  
 He hurried her away yet breathing bliss,  
 To the dim charnel house; through all its steams  
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams  
 Which foul corruption lights, as with design  
 To show the gay and proud *ske* too can shine!—  
 And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,  
 Which to the maiden, double craz'd by dread,  
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them  
 cast,

To move their lips in muttering as she pass'd—  
 There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd  
 And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,  
 Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl  
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul  
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,  
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,  
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,  
 Never, by that all imprecating oath,

In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—

She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, “never,  
never!”

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given  
To him and—she believ’d, lost maid!—to heaven;  
Her brain, her heart her passions all inflam’d,  
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam’d  
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash’d her eyes  
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,  
When round, in trances only less than hers,  
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worship-  
pers!

Well might MOKANNA think that form alone  
Had spells enough to make the world his own:—  
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit’s play  
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,  
When from its stem the small bird wings away!  
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil’d,  
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild  
As are the momentary meteors sent  
Across th’ uncalm, but beauteous firmament.  
And then her look!—oh! where’s the heart so wise,  
Could unbewilder’d meet those matchless eyes?  
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
Like those of angels, just before their fall;  
Now shadow’d with the shames of earth—now crost  
By glimpses of the Heav’n her heart had lost;  
In every glance there broke without controul,  
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,  
Where sensibility still wildly play’d,  
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'd  
 From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd  
 The almond groves, that shade BOKHARA's tide,  
 All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!  
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,  
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,  
 The vision of that youth, whom she had lov'd,  
 And wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd;—  
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back  
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—  
 Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

Oh Reason! who shall say what spells renew,  
 When least we look for it, thy broken clew!  
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;  
 And bow, like forts, to which beleaguerers win  
 Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,  
 One clear idea, waken'd in the breast  
 By memory's magic, lets in all the rest!  
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!  
 But, though light came, it came but partially;  
 Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense  
 Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;  
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,  
 But not to point the harbour which might save.  
 Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,  
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;  
 But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone  
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone!  
 And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,  
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain  
 Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee

From light, whose every glimpse was agony !  
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years  
Brought, mingled with its pain—tears, floods of  
tears,  
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills  
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,  
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
Through valleys where their flow had long been  
lost !

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame  
Trembled with horror, when the summons came  
(A summons proud and rare, which all būt she,  
And she, till now, had heard with extacy,)  
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,  
A garden oratory, cool and fair,  
By the stream's side, where still at close of day  
The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray ;  
Sometimes alone—but, oftener far, with one,  
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight  
As the young priestess ; and though, since that  
night

When the death-caverns echoed every tone  
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,  
Th' impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,  
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's dis-  
guise,  
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,  
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings  
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,  
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt ;  
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,  
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow

Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,  
 Would soon, proud triumph ! be to her reveal'd,  
 To her alone ;—and then the hope most dear,  
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here  
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
 Ev'n purer than before,—as perfumes rise  
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the  
 skies—

And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace  
 Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace  
 Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,  
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again !  
 These were the wildering dreams, whose curst de-  
 ceit

Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,  
 And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.  
 But now that shape which had appall'd her view,  
 That semblance—oh how terrible, if true !—  
 Which came across her frenzy's full career  
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
 As when in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep :  
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,  
 And waking up each long lulled image there,  
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair !

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,  
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,

Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,  
 MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams  
 Of the fair ripening future's rich success,  
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now  
 From the quick, ardent priestess, whose light  
 bound  
 Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—  
 From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance  
 Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance !

Upon his couch the Veiled MOKANNA lay,  
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,  
 Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray  
 In holy Koom, \* or Mecca's dim arcades,—  
 But brilliant, soft, such light as lovely maids  
 Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow  
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.  
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of pray'r,  
 Which the world fondly thought he mused on  
 there,  
 Stood vases, fill'd with Kishmee's † golden wine,  
 And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;  
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught  
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,  
 Like Zemzem's spring of holiness, † had power

\* The cities of Com [or Koom] and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia. *Chardin.*

† An island in the Persian gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

‡ The miraculous well at Mecca, so called, Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

To freshen the soul's virtues into flower !  
 And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see  
 Tu'approaching maid, so deep his reverie ;  
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which  
     broke  
 From Eblis at the fall of man, he spoke :  
 " Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,  
 " Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with hea-  
     ven ;  
 " God's images, forsooth !—such gods as he  
 " Whom India serves, the monkey deity ; \*  
 " Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,  
 " To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,  
 " Refus'd, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,  
 " To bend in worship, Lucifer was right !—  
 " Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck  
 " Of your foul race, and without fear or check,  
 " Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,  
 " My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name !  
 " Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
 " As hooded falcons, through the universe  
 " I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,  
 " Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey .  
 " Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way  
     on,  
 " By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,  
 " Like superstitious thieves, who think the light  
 " From dead mens' marrow guides them best at  
     night ! †

\* The god Hannaman.

† A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was

" Ye shall have honours,—wealth,—yes, sages,  
" yes—

" I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness :  
" Undazzled it can tract yon starry sphere,  
" But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.  
" How I shall laugh when trumpetted along,  
" In lying speech, and still more lying song,  
" By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the  
" throng ;  
" Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so  
" small,  
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all !  
" Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,  
" Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it  
breeds ;  
" Who, bolder even than Nemrod, think to rise  
" By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies ;  
" Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,  
" Seen, heard, attested, every thing—but true  
" Your preaching zealots, too inspir'd to seek  
" One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;  
" Your martyrs ready to shed out their blood  
" For truths too heavenly to be understood ;  
" And your state priests, sole venders of the lore,  
" That works salvation : as on Ava's shore,  
" Where none but priests are privileged to trade  
" In that best marble of which gods are made ;  
" They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff  
" For rogues to thrive by—mysteries enough ;

made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

\* Symes' *Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

"Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,  
 "Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,  
 "While craftier feign belief till they believe.  
 "A heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,  
 "A splendid paradise,—pure souls, ye must:  
 "That prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
 "Who finds not heav'n to suit the tastes of all?  
 "Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,  
 "And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.  
 "Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,  
 "The heav'n of each is but what each desires,  
 "And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,  
 "Man would be man to all eternity!  
 "So let him—Eblis! grant this growing curse,  
 "But keep him what he is, no hell were worse."

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,  
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said,  
 MOKANNA started—not abash'd, afraid,—  
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells  
 Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles!  
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,  
 "Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,  
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,  
 In which the legend o'er hell's gate is read,  
 That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could  
 dim  
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair priestess!"—thus, with ready wile,  
 Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou, whose  
 "smile  
 "Hath inspiration in its rosy beam

" Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's dream !  
 " Light of the faith ! who twin'st religion's zeal  
 " So close with love's, men know not which they  
     " feel,  
 " Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,  
 " The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou  
     " art !  
 " What should I be without thee ? without thee  
 " How dull were power, how joyless victory !  
 " Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine  
 " Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.  
 " But—why so mournful, child ? those eyes that  
     " shone  
 " All life, last night—what !—is their glory gone ?  
 " Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them  
     " pale,  
 " They want rekindling—suns themselves would  
     " fail,  
 " Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,  
 " From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy !  
 " Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,  
 " But the pure waters of that upper sphere,  
 " Whose rills o'er ruby beds of topaz flow,  
 " Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.  
 " Nightly my genii come and fill these urns—  
 " Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns ;  
 " Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—  
 " Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night ;  
 " There is a youth—why start ?—thou saw'st him  
     " then ;  
 " Look'd he not nobly ? such the god-like men  
 " Thou'l have to woo thee in the bowers above ;  
 " Though he, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for  
     " love,

"Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss  
 "The world calls virtue—we must conquer this;  
 "Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee  
 "To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery.  
 "The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield  
 "Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.  
 "This very night I mean to try the art  
 "Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.  
 "All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
 "Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,  
 "Shall tempt the boy;—young MIRZALA's blue  
     "eyes,  
 "Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;  
 "AROUYA's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
 "And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,  
 "Have magic in their pressure; ZEBA's lute,  
 "And LILLA's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot  
 "Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!—  
 "All shall combine their witching powers to steep  
 "My convert's spirit in that softening trance,  
 "From which to Heav'n is but the next advance;—  
 "That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,  
 "On which Religion stamps her image best.  
 "But hear me, priestess!—though each nymph of  
     "these  
 "Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,  
 "Some glance or step which at the mirror tried,  
 "First charms herself, then all the world beside;  
 "There still wants one to make the victory sure,  
 "One, who in every look joins every lure;  
 "Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd  
     "pass,

" Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning  
 " glass,  
 " Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
 " Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning are ador'd,  
 " Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
 " Which our faith takes for granted are divine!  
 " Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light  
 " To crown the rich temptations of to night;  
 " Such the refined enchantress that must be  
 " This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!""

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,  
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil  
 From which these words, like south-winds through  
 a fence

Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came filled with pestilence:\*

So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread  
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,  
 And the wretch felt assur'd, that once plung'd in,  
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream  
 Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose  
 beam

As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.  
 But when, at length, he utter'd "thou art she!"  
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,  
 " Oh not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God! to  
 " whom  
 " I once knelt innocent, in this my doom?

\* It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south-wind, which in June or July passes over that flower, the [Kerzerah,] it will kill him."---Thevenot.

" Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,  
 " My purity, my pride, then come to this,—  
 " To live, the wanton of a fiend ! to be  
 " The pander of his guilt—oh infamy !  
 " And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep  
 " In its hot flood, drag others down as deep !  
 " Others ?—ha ! yes—that youth who came to day—  
 " Not him I lov'd—not him—oh ! do but say  
 " But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,  
 " And I will serve, dark fiend ! will worship, even  
     " thee !"

" Beware, young raving thing !—in time beware,  
 " Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear  
 " Ev'n from thy lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice,  
 " The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice  
 " To see those flies, no matter whence they rise,  
 " Once more illuming my fair priestess' eyes :  
 " And should the youth, whom soon those eyes  
     " shall warm,  
 " Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,  
 " So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,  
 " As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,  
 " Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.  
 " Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet ! those eyes were  
     " made  
 " For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

" Obey'd—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—  
 " On me, on me heaven's vengeance cannot fall  
 " Too heavily—but AZIM brave and true,  
 " And beautiful—must he be ruin'd too ?  
 " Must he too, glorious as he is, be driven  
 " A renegade like me from love and Heaven ?  
 " Like me ?—weak wretch, I wrong him— not like  
     " me ;

"No—he's all truth and strength and purity !  
 "Fill your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,  
 "Its witchery, fiends, will have no charms for him.  
 "Let loose your glowing wantons from their bow-  
     "ers,  
 "He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers !  
 "Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign  
 "Pure as when first we met, without a stain !  
 "Though ruin'd—lost—my memory like a charm  
 "Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.  
 "Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow  
 "He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—  
 "Ne'er tell him how debas'd, how sunk is she,  
 "Whom once he lov'd—once !—still loves dotingly !  
 "Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what !—thou'l brand  
     "my name ?  
 "Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—  
 "He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky  
 "Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.  
 "But this is past—though worse than death my lot,  
 "Than hell—'tis nothing, while *he* knows it not,  
 "Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,  
 "Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;  
 "Where none will ask the lost one whence she came  
 "But I may fade and fall without a name !  
 "And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,  
 "Who found'st this burning plague spot in my heart  
 "And spread'st it—oh, so quick !—through soul and  
     frame,  
 "With more than demon's art, till I became  
 "A loathsome thing ; all pestilence, all flame !  
 "If when I'm gone——"  
     " Hold, fearless maniac, hold,

"Nor tempt my rage—by heav'n not half so bold,  
 "The puny bird that dares with teasing hum,  
 "Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come; \*  
 "And so thou'l fly, forsooth ? what, give up all  
 "Thy chaste dominions in the haram hall,  
 "Where now to love and now to Alla given,  
 "Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as  
     even  
 "As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven !  
 "Thou'l fly ? as easily may reptiles run,  
 "The gaunt snake hath once fixed his eyes upon ;  
 "As easily, when caught, the prey may be  
 "Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.  
 "No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,  
 "Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA'S  
     bride !  
 "Hast thou forgot thy oath ?"—

At this dread word

The maid, whose spirit his rude taunt had stirr'd  
 Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,  
 That burst and lighten'd ev'n through her despair !  
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath  
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers  
 "The bridal place—the charnel vault was ours !  
 "Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me  
 "Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality :  
 "Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were  
     "wed,

\* The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, firmly believed at Java.—*Barrow's Cochin-China.*

" And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead,  
 " (Immortal spirits in their time no doubt,)  
 " From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!  
 " That oath thou heardst more lips than thine re-  
     " peat—  
 " That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?  
 " That cup we pledg'd, the charnel choicest wine,  
 " Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine;  
 " Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst  
 " No matter now, not hell itself shall burst!  
 " Hence, woman, to the haram, and look gay,  
 " Look wild, look—any thing but sad;—yet stay—  
 " One moment more—from what this night hath  
     " pass'd,  
 " I see that thou know'st me, know'st me well at  
     " last,  
 " Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all  
     " true,  
 " And that I lov'd mankind!—I do, I do,—  
 " As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats  
 " Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;  
 " Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives  
 " That rank and venomous food on which she  
     " lives! \*  
 " And, now thou see'st my soul's angelic hue,  
 " Tis time those *features* were uncurtain'd too;—  
 " This brow, whose light—oh rare celestial light!  
 " Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;  
 " These dazzling eyes before whose shrouded  
     " might

\* Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis.  
 Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his  
 escam nidis suis refert. *Solinus.*

"Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and  
"quake—

"Would that they were heaven's lightnings for his  
"sake!

"But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,  
"That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,  
"Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth  
"Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth ;  
"And on that race who, though more vile they be  
"Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me !  
"Here, judge, if hell with all its power to damn,  
"Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—

He rais'd his veil—the maid turn'd slowly round,  
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the  
ground.

ON their arrival next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated ; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the royal pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LLALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to the pavilion,---greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,---and was followed with equal rapidity by the great chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a moment's delay young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LLALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded :---

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM! thou hast brav'd  
 The bands of Greece, still mighty though enslav'd ;  
 Hast fac'd her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,  
 Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;  
 All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,  
 But a more perilous trial waits thee now,----  
 Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes  
 From every land where woman smiles or sighs ;  
 Of every hue, as love may chance to raise  
 His black or azure banner in their blaze ;  
 And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash  
 That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,  
 To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,  
 Like swords, half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast  
 lid.

Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host  
 Now led against thee ; and let conquerors boast  
 Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms  
 A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,  
 Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,  
 Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the haram chambers, moving lights.  
 And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites ;  
 From room to room the ready handmaids hie,  
 Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,  
 Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,  
 O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,  
 Who, if between the folds but one eye shone,  
 Like Seba's queen could vanquish with that one ;\*

\* Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes. *Sol. Song.*

While some bring leaves of Henna to imbue  
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,\*  
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem  
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream:  
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,†  
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to  
 cull  
 From far CIRCASSIA's vales, so beautiful!

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls  
 Are shining every where :—some younger girls  
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,  
 To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ;  
 Gay creatures' sweet, though mournful 'tis to see  
 How each prefers a garland from that tree  
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent  
 day,  
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.  
 The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold  
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,‡  
 Thinks of the time when by the GANGES' flood,  
 Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud  
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam,  
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;  
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell

\* They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—*Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush.*

† "The women black the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black cohoh."—*Russel.*

‡ "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women, has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions."—v. *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—  
 The sweet Elcaya,\* and that courteous tree  
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy†—  
 Sees call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents;  
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
 And wishes even its sorrows back again !

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,  
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls  
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound  
 From many a jasper fount is heard around,  
 Young AZIM roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess  
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.  
 Here the way leads, o'er tessellated floors  
 Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,  
 Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,  
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;  
 And spicy rods, such as illume at night  
 The bowers of TIBET,‡ send forth odorous light,  
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road  
 For some pure spirit to its blest abode!—  
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon  
 Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon,  
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays  
 High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers

\* A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.—*Niebuhr.*

† Of the genus mimosa, “ which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade.”—*Niebuhr.*

‡ “ Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence.”—*Turner's Tibet.*

All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers ;  
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,  
 Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,  
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings  
 Of woman's love in those fair living things  
 Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage thrown  
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own !  
 On one side gleaming with a sudden grace  
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase  
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,  
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ;  
 While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in  
 With odiferous woods of CAMORIN,\*  
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ;—  
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between  
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree†  
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :  
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,‡ and the thrush  
 Of Indostan,§ whose holy warblings gush,  
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ;  
 Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop  
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food

\* C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloës, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité---*D' Herbelot.*

† "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees." *Barrow.*

‡ "In Mecca, there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."

*Pitt's account of the Mahometans.*

§ "The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred Pagedas and from thence delivers its melodious song."

*Pennant's Hindostan.*

Whose scent bath lur'd them o'er the summe  
flood;\*

And those that under Araby's soft sun  
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;†—  
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly  
Through the pure element, here calmly lie  
Sleeping in light, like the green birds‡ that dwell  
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on through scenes past all imagining,—  
More like the luxuries of that impious king, §  
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch  
Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,  
Than the pure dwelling of a prophet sent,  
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchise-  
ment—

Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,  
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound  
But ill according with the pomp and grace  
And silent lull of that voluptuous place !

“ Is this then,” thought the youth, “ is this the  
“ way

“ To free man's spirit from the deadening sway  
“ Of worldly sloth ;—to teach him, while he lives,

\* Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles of India, and “ the strength of the nutmeg,” says *Tavernier*, “ so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth.

† “ That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon.”—*Brown's Vulgar errors*.

‡ The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds.”—*Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

§ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

" To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,  
" And when he dies, to leave his lofty name  
" A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame ?  
" It was not so, land of the generous thought  
" And daring deed ! thy godlike sages taught ;  
" It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
" Thy freedom nurs'd her sacred energies :  
" Oh ! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow  
" Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,  
" With which she wreath'd her sword, when she  
    " would dare  
" Immortal deeds ; but in the bracing air  
" Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,  
" Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe  
" Life, health, and lustre into freedom's wreath !  
" Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,  
" This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
" This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
" The past, the future, two eternities !  
" Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,  
" When he might build him a proud temple there,  
" A name, that long shall hallow all its space,  
" And be each purer soul's high resting-place ?  
" But no--it cannot be, that one, whom God  
    Has sent to break the wizard falsehood's rod,—  
" A prophet of the truth, whose mission draws  
" Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his  
    " cause  
" With the world's vulgar pomps ;—no, no—I see—  
" He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury  
" Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze  
" Of my young soul ;—shine on, 'twill stand the  
    " blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but, ev'n while he defied  
 The witching scene, he felt its witchery glide  
 Through every sense. The perfume, breathing  
 round,

Like a pervading spirit;—the still sound  
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
 Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep  
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep!\*  
 And music too—dear music! that can touch  
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—  
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem---  
 Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream;—  
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss,  
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this;  
 Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave  
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave  
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;  
 He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,  
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,  
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,  
 Silent and happy—as if God had given  
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

“ Oh my lov'd mistress! whose enchantment still  
 “ Are with me, round me, wander where I will—  
 “ It is for thee, for thee alone I seek  
 “ The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek  
 “ With warm approval—in that gentle look,  
 “ To read my praise, as in an angel's book,

\* “ My Pundits assure me that the plant before us [the Nilica] in their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.”

*Sir W. Jones.*

" And think all toils rewarded, when from thee  
" I gain a smile, worth immortality !  
" How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd  
" To that young heart where I alone am lord,  
" Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best  
" Alone deserve to be the happiest !  
" When from those lips, unbreath'd upon for years,  
" I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,  
" And find those tears warm as when last they  
    " started,  
" Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted !  
" Oh my own life ! why should a single day,  
" A moment keep me from those arms away ?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,  
Each note of which but adds new, downy links  
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.  
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and, far away,  
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play  
Of countless lamps, like the rich track which day  
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,  
So long the path, its light so tremulous ;—  
He sees a group of female forms advance,  
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance  
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,  
As they were captives to the king of flowers ;—  
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,  
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,  
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight  
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night ;  
While others walk'd as gracefully along,  
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song

From psaltry, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,  
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still !  
And now they come, now pass before his eye,  
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie  
With Fancy's pencil, and gave birth to things  
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !  
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,  
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide,  
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,  
Till silently dispersing, one by one,  
Through many a path that from the chamber leads  
To gardens, terraces, and moon-light meads,  
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,  
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,  
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,  
And she is left in all that light alone ;  
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,  
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now ;  
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,  
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,  
From which, on either side, gracefully hung,  
A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,  
Engraven o'er with some immortal line  
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine :  
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,  
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,  
Which once or twice, she touch'd with hurried  
strain,  
Then took her trembling fingers off again.  
But when at length a timid glance she stole  
At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul  
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear

And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,  
Though shrinking still she came; then sat her  
down

Upon a musnud's\* edge, and, bolder grown,  
In the pathetic mode of Isfahan †  
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:

Thére's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's ‡ stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day  
long;

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet  
dream,

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,

But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
think----is the nightingale singing there yet?

Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

So, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the  
wave,

But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly  
they shone,

nd a dew was distill'd from their flowers that  
gave

All the fragrance of summer, when summer was  
gone.

\* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or perdas by the names of different provinces or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode Irak, etc.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year,  
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the bank of the calm Bende-  
 meer.

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou were  
 "sent,  
 "With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,  
 "To wake unholy wishes in this heart,  
 "Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art,  
 "For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong  
 "Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.  
 "But thou hast breath'd such purity, thy lay  
 "Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,  
 "And leads thy soul, if e'er it wander'd thence,  
 "So gently back to its first innocence,  
 "That I would sooner stop th'unchained dove,  
 "When swift returning to its home of love,  
 "And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,  
 "Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine."

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling  
 through  
 The gently open'd curtains of light blue,  
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes  
 Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,  
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair  
 That sat so still and melancholy there—  
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in  
 From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine  
 Which those without fling after them in play,  
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they

Who live in th' air on odours, and around  
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,  
 Chase one another in a varying dance  
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,  
 Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit :—  
 While she, who sung so sweetly to the lute  
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,  
 Shrinking, as violets do in summer's ray,—  
 But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh  
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by  
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,  
 Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who  
 danc'd

Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd  
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er  
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore : \*  
 While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall  
 Of curls descending, bells as musical  
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees  
 Of Eden, shake in the eternal breeze, †  
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet  
 As 'twere th' extatic language of their feet !  
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood  
 wreath'd

\* "To the north of us, [on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku,] was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea glass and crystals, with which it abounds." *Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

† "To which will be added, the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music." *Sale*.

Within each other's arms : while soft there  
breath'd  
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs  
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise  
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;  
And, as it swell'd again, at each faint close,  
The ear could track through all that maze of chords  
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :

---

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh  
Is burning now through earth and air ;  
Where cheeks are blushing, the spirit is nigh,  
Where lips are meeting, the spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,  
And his floating eyes—oh ! they resemble  
Blue water-lilies, \* when the breeze  
Is making the stream around them tremble !

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !  
Spirit of love, spirit of bliss !  
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
And there never was moonlight so sweet as  
this.

By the fair and brave.  
Who blushing unite,  
Like the sun and wave,  
When they meet at night !

\* The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

By the tear that shows  
 When the passion is nigh,  
 As the rain-drop flows  
 From the heat of the sky !

By the first love-beat  
 Of the youthful heart,  
 By the bliss to meet,  
 And the pain to part !

By all that thou hast  
 To mortals given,  
 Which—oh ! could it last,  
 This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing power !  
 Spirit of love ! spirit of bliss !  
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour !  
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as  
 this.

---

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,  
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,  
 And where, midst all that the young heart loves  
 most,  
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,  
 The youth had started up and turn'd away  
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay  
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—  
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,  
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.  
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense  
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence

Could call up into life, of soft and fair,  
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;  
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art  
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;  
 Which knows ev'n beauty when half veil'd is  
 best,

Like her own radiant planet of the West,  
 Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest !

There hung the history of the genii-king,  
 Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering,  
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright  
 eyes

He read that to be blest is to be wise ;\*  
 Here fond Zuleika † woos with open arms  
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,  
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
 Wishes that heav'n and she could both be won.  
 And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,  
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile ;  
 Then beckons some kind angel from above  
 With a new text to consecrate their love ! ‡

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,  
 Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,

\* For the loves of king Solomon, [who was supposed to preside over the whole race of genii,] with Bal-kis, the queen of Sheba or Saba, v. *D'Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

† The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances.

‡ The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151

And hasten'd to a casement, where the light  
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright  
The fields without were seen, sleeping as still,  
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.  
Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,  
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,  
As though the distance and that heavenly ray  
Through which the sounds came floating took  
away

All that had been too earthly in the lay.  
Oh ! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,  
And by that light—nor dream of her he lov'd ?  
Dream on, unconscious boy ! while yet thou may'st,  
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.  
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,  
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.  
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them  
last,

Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast ;  
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,  
Pure as they weep, if angels weep, in heaven !  
Think in her own still bower she waits the now,  
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
Yet shrin'd in solitude—thine all, thine only,  
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely !  
Oh that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,  
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd !

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are  
flown,  
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone ;—  
Alone ?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,  
That sob of grief, which broke from some one  
nigh—

Whose could it be ?—alas ! is misery found  
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground ?  
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,  
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,  
 Against a pillar near ;—not glittering o'er  
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,  
 But in that deep-blue melancholy dress, \*  
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness  
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away ;—  
 And such as ZELICA had on that day  
 He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,  
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more  
 Than mere compassion ever wak'd before ;  
 Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she  
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,  
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,  
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground ;—  
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—  
 'Tis she herself !—'tis ZELICA he sees !  
 But ah, so pale, so chang'd—none but a lover  
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover  
 The once ador'd divinity ! ev'n he  
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd  
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,  
 Ere he could think she was indeed his own,  
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known  
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both ;  
 Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest—when loth

\* “ Deep blue is their mourning colour.” *Hanway.*

He left her for the wars—in that worst hour  
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,\*  
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

“Look up, my ZELICA ! one moment show  
 “Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know  
 “Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,  
 “But there, at least, shines as it ever shone,  
 “Come, look upon thy AZIM—one dear glance,  
 “Like those of old, were heav’n ! whatever chance  
 “Hath brought thee here, oh ! ’twas a blessed one !  
 “There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss hath

“run

“Like the first shoot of life through every vein,  
 “And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again !  
 “Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,  
 “When had the whole rich world been in my  
 “power,  
 “I should have singled out thee, only thee,  
 “From the whole world’s collected treasury—  
 “To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o’er  
 “My own best, purest ZELICA once more !”

It was indeed the touch of those lov’d lips  
 Upon her eyes, that chac’d their short eclipse,  
 And, gradual as the snow, at heaven’s breath,  
 Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,  
 Her lids unclos’d, and the bright eyes were seen  
 Gazing on his,—not, as they late had been,  
 Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene ;  
 As if to lie, ev’n for that tranced minute,

\* The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sun-set

So near his heart, had consolation in it;  
 And thus to wake in his belov'd caress  
 Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.  
 But, when she heard him call her good and pure,  
 Oh 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure!  
 Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,  
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,  
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven  
 A heart of very marble, “pure!—oh heaven!”

That tone—those looks so chang'd—the withering blight,  
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—  
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,  
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprize,  
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy,  
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;  
 And then the place, that bright unholy place,  
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace  
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves  
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves;\*—  
 All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold  
 As death itself; it needs not to be told—  
 No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand  
 Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand  
 That could from heav'n and him such brightness  
 sever,  
 'Tis done—to heav'n and him she's lost for ever!  
 It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,  
 The lingering, lasting misery of years

\* “Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular enquiry; several were brought me alive both in Yambo and Jidda.” *Bruce.*

Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst  
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,  
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate !

“Oh! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd  
His desperate hand tow'rds heav'n—“though I am  
“lost,

“Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,  
“No, no---'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!

“Nay, doubt me not---though all thy love hath  
“ceas'd---

“I know it hath---yet, yet believe, at least,

“That every spark of reason's light must be

“Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from  
“thee!

“They told me thou wert dead---why, Azim, why,

“Did we not both of us, that instant die

“When we were parted? oh! could'st thou but  
“know

“With what a deep devotedness of woe,

“I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again

“Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew  
“pain,

“And memory, like a drop that, night and day,

“Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!

“Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,

“My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,

“And all the long, long night of hope and fear,

“Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear---

“Oh God! thou would'st not wonder that, at last,

“When every hope was all at once o'ercast,

“When I heard frightful voices round me say

“Azim is dead!---this wretched brain gave way,

" And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
 " Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven---  
 " All wild---and ev'n this quenchless love within  
 " Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!  
 " Thou pitiest me---I knew thou would'st---that sky  
 " Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.  
 " The fiend, who lur'd me hither---hist! come  
     " near,  
 " Or thou too, thou art lost, if he should hear---  
 " Told me such things---oh ! with such devilish art,  
 " As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart---  
 " Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,  
 " Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd him here,  
 " I should for ever live in thy dear sight,  
 " And drink from those pure eyes eternal light !  
 " Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,  
 " To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee !  
 " Thou weep'st for me---do, weep---oh ! that I  
     " durst  
 " Kiss off that tear ! but, no---these lips are curst,  
 " They must not touch thee ;---one divine caress,  
 " One blessed moment of forgetfulness  
 " I've had within those arms, and that shall lie,  
 " Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die !  
 " The last of joy's last relics here below,  
 " The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,  
 " My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,  
 " To soothe and cool its deadly withering !  
 " But thou---yes, thou must go---for ever go ;  
 " This place is not for thee---for thee ! oh no,  
 " Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain  
 " Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !

"Enough, that guilt reigns here---that hearts, once  
 "good,  
 Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.  
 "Enough, that we are parted---that there rolls  
 "A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
 "Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
 "As hell from heav'n, to all eternity !"

"ZELICA ! ZELICA !" the youth exclaim'd,  
 In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd  
 Almost to madness---"by that sacred heav'n,  
 "Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'l be forgiv-  
 "en,  
 "As thou art here---here, in this writhing heart,  
 "All sinful, wild and ruin'd as thou art!  
 "By the remembrance of our once pure love,  
 "Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above  
 "The grave of our lost souls---which guilt in thee  
 "Cannot extinguish, nor despair ia me !  
 "I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence---  
 "If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,  
 "Fly with me from this place,——"  
 "With thee ! oh bliss !  
 "Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.  
 "What ! take the lost one with thee ?---let her rove  
 "By thy dear side, as in those days of love,  
 "When we were both so happy, both so pure---  
 "Too heavenly dream ! if there's on earth a cure  
 "For the sunk heart, 'tis this---day after day  
 "To be the blest companion of thy way ;  
 "To hear thy angel eloquence---to see  
 "Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me  
 "And in their light rechasten'd silently,

"Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,  
 "Grow pure by being purely shone upon !  
 "And thou wilt pray for me---I know thou wilt---  
 "At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt  
 "Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou'l lift thine  
     "eyes,  
 "Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,  
 "And plead for me with heav'n, till I can dare  
 "To fix my own weak, sinful glances there ;---  
 "Till the good angels, when they see me cling  
 "For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
 "Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,  
 "And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven !  
 "Oh yes, I'll fly with thee——"

Scarce had she said  
These breathless words, when a voice deep and  
dread

As that of Monker, waking up the dead  
From their first sleep---so startling 'twas to both---  
Rung through the casement near "Thy oath ! thy  
    "oath!"

Oh heaven, the ghastliness of that maid's look !---  
" 'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook  
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,  
Though through the casement, now, nought but the  
    skies

And moon-light fields were seen, calm as before---  
" 'Tis he, and I am his---all, all is o'er---  
" Go---fly this instant, or thou art ruin'd too---  
" My oath, my oath, oh God ! 'tis all too true,  
" True as the worm in this cold heart it is---  
" I am MOKANNA's bride---his, AZIM, his---  
" The dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,

" Their blue lips echoed it---I hear them now!  
" Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that  
    " bowl,  
" 'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!  
" And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to  
    " night  
" What angels know not of so foul a sight,  
" So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see  
" What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!  
" But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,  
" Nor Heav'n's, nor love's, nor aught that is di-  
    " vine—  
" Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that  
    " sever  
" Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then----for  
    " ever!"

With all that strength, which madness lends the  
    weak,  
She flung away his arm; and with a shriek,  
Whose sound, though he should linger out more  
    years  
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,---  
Flew up through that long avenue of light,  
Fleely as some dark, ominous bird of night,  
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

LLALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istakar, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seem'd to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LLALLA ROOKH was all curiosity ;----when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glistening all over with lights, like Oton-tala or Sea of Stars,) informed the princess that it was the usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sank immediately, the omen was disastrous ; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LLALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The

remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror ; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued :----

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
 Where all was waste and silent yesterday ?  
 This city of war, which, in a few short hours,  
 Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers  
 Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
 Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,\*  
 Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,  
 This world of tents and domes and sun-bright ar-  
 moury !----

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold  
 Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold ;----  
 Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
 Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun;  
 And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,  
 Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
 So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound  
 But the far torrent, or the locust-bird †  
 Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ;----  
 Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,  
 Shouts, laughs and screams are revelling in the wind !  
 The neigh of cavalry ; the tinkling throngs  
 Of laden camels and their drivers' songs ;—

\* The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

† A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
 Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;  
 War-music, bursting out from time to time  
 With gong and Tymbalon's tremendous chime;—  
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,  
 That far off, broken by the eagle note  
 Of th' Abyssinian trumpet,\* swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye “who?”  
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,  
 The Night and Shadow,† over yonder tent?—  
 It is the CALIPH's glorious armament.  
 Rous'd in his palace by the dread alarms,  
 That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,  
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd  
 Defiance fierce at Islam ‡ and the world;—  
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind  
 The veils of his bright palace calm reclin'd,  
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,  
 Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign,  
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave §  
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave

\* “This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the note of the Eagle.” Note of Bruce's editor.

† The two black standards borne before Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called allegorically, the Night and the Shadow. v. Gibbon.

‡ The Mahometan Religion.

§ “The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask if he dare swear by the Holy Grave. Struy.

His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,  
And with an army, nurs'd in victories,  
Here stand to crush the rebels that o'er-run  
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display  
Such pomp before ;—not ev'n when on his way  
To MECCA's Temple, when both land and sea  
Were spoiled to feed the pilgrim's luxury ;\*  
When round him, mid the burning sands he saw  
Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,  
And cool'd his thirsty lip beneath the glow  
Of MECCA's sun with urns of Persian snow :†—  
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that  
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.  
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,‡  
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock ; §  
Then chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see  
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry ; ||  
Men from the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,  
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South ;

\* Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

† Nivem Meccom apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam. *Abulfeda.*

‡ The inhabitants of Hejas or Arabia Petræ, called by an Eastern writer “The People of the Rock.”

*Ebn Haukal.*

§ Those horses, called by the Arabians, Kochlam, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds. *Niebuhr.*

|| Many of the figures on the blades of their swords, are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems. *Asiat. Mis.* vi.

And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks  
 From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,  
 With dusky legions from the land of Myrrh,\*  
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islan-  
 der.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude  
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude  
 That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,  
 Round the white standard of th' Imposter throng'd  
 Beside his thousands of Believers,---blind,  
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,---  
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel  
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,  
 Flock'd to his banner;---chiefs of the UZBEK race,  
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace †;  
 TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth  
 From th' aromatic pastures of the North ;  
 Wild warriors of the torqueise hills‡---and those  
 Who dwell beyond the ever lasting snows  
 Of HINDOO KOSH§ in stormy freedom bred,  
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.  
 But none of all who owned the Chief's command,  
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,  
 Or sterner hate than IRAN's outlaw'd men,

\* Azab or Saba.

† "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume  
 of white heron's feathers in their turbans."

*Account of Independent Tartary:*

‡ In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous in Kho-  
 rassan, they find torqueises.      *Ebn Haukal.*

§ For a description of these stupendous ranges of  
 mountains v. *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

Her worshippers of fire \*---all panting then  
 For vengeance on the accursed Saracen;  
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,  
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'er-  
 turn'd.

From YEZD's † eternal Mansion of the Fire,  
 Where aged saints in dreams of heav'n expire,  
 From, BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame  
 That burn into the CASPIAN,‡ fierce they came,  
 Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,  
 So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,  
 That high in air their motley banners toss'd  
 Around the Prophet Chief—all eyes still bent  
 Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,  
 That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,

\* The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home or forced to become wanderers abroad.

† "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called after Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain." *Stephen's Persia.*

‡ "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Neptha [on an island near Baku] boil up higher, and the Naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible. *Hanway on the everlasting fire at Baku.*

That rainbow of the field, whose showers were  
blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,  
And ris'n again, and found them grappling yet;  
While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,  
Smoke up to heav'n—hot as that crimson haze.  
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd,  
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad!

"On, Swords of God!" the panting CALIPH calls,  
"Thrones for the living—Heav'n for him who falls!"  
"On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,  
"And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!"  
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—  
They clash—they strive—the CALIPH's troops give  
way!

MOKANNA's self plucks the black banner down,  
And now the Orient World's imperial crown  
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!  
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's rout,  
And now they turn, they rally—at their head  
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,  
In glorious panoply of heavn's own mail,  
The champions of the faith through BEDAR's  
vale,)\*

Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,  
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives  
At once the multitudinous torrent back,  
While hope and courage kindle in his track.  
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes

\* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Bedar, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Huzum. *The Koran and its Commentators.*

Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!  
 In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight,  
 Stands like the red moon, on some stormy night,  
 Among the fugitive clouds that hurrying by,  
 Leave only her unshaken in the sky !  
 In vain he yells his desperate curses out,  
 Deals death promiscuously to all about,  
 To foes that charge and coward friends that fly  
 And seems of all the great Arch-enemy !  
 The panic spreads—"a miracle!" throughout  
 The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout  
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems  
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;  
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim  
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him !

Right tow'rds MOKANNA now he cleaves his path  
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath  
 He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst  
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst;  
 To break o'er him the mightiest and the worst !  
 But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,  
 Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,  
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
 MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all ;—  
 Yet now the rush of fugitives, too strong  
 For human force, hurries ev'n him along ;  
 In vain he struggles mid the wedg'd array  
 Of flying thousands,—he is borne away ;  
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows  
 In this forc'd flight is—murdering, as he goes !  
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrents might  
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,  
 Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks

Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay !

“ Alla il Alla !”---the glad shout renew---  
 “ Alla Akbar !”\*---the Caliph’s in MEROU  
 Hang out your guilded tapestry in the streets,  
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets ;†  
 The swords of god have triumph’don his throne---  
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil’d Chief hath flown.  
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
 To whom the lord of Islam bends his brow.  
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
 For his throne’s safety in that perilous hour ?  
 Who does not wonder, when, amidst th’ acclaim  
 Of thousands, heralding so heaven his name---  
 Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
 Like music round a planet as it rolls !  
 He turns away coldly, as if some gloom  
 Hung o’er his heart no triumphs can illume ;  
 Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze  
 Though glory’s light may play, in vain at plays !  
 Yes wretched AZIM ! thine is such a grief,  
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief ;  
 A dark cold calm, which nothing now can break  
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,‡  
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed

\* The *teebir*, or cry of the Arabs, “ Alla Akbar !” says Ockley, “ means God is most mighty.”

† The *ziraleet* is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.

‡ The Dead sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead !  
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of  
 woe

Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow ;  
 But thine, lost youth ! was sudden—over thee  
 It broke at once, when all seem'd extacy ;  
 When hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past  
 Melt into splendour, and bliss dawn at last—  
 'Twas then, ev'n then o'er joys so freshly blown,  
 This mortal blight of misery came down ;  
 Ev'n then, the full warm gushings of thy heart  
 Were check'd—like saint-drops, frozen as they start  
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,  
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang !

One sole desire, one passion now remains,  
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,  
 Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch who  
 cast

O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.  
 For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight  
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—  
 Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack  
 Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,  
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,  
 And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd  
 Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world!  
 For this he still lives on, careless of all  
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall :  
 For this alone exists----like lightning-fire  
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire ?

But safe as yet that spirit of evil lives ;  
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,

The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,  
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,  
 He gain'd Merou----breath'd a short curse of blood  
 O'er his lost throne----then pass'd the Jihon's flood\*  
 And gathering all, whose madness of belief  
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n chief,  
 Rais'd the white banner within Neksheb's gates, †  
 And there, untam'd, th' approaching conqueror  
 waits.

Of all his haram, all that busy hive,  
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,  
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,  
 One, not for love----not for her beauty's light.  
 For ZELICA stood withering midst the gay  
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday  
 From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead  
 To-day's young flower is springing in its stead! ‡  
 No, not for love----the deepest damn'd must he  
 Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as  
 he  
 Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!  
 But no, she is his victim ;----*there* lie all  
 Her charms for him----charms that can never pall,  
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,  
 Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.  
 'o work an angel's ruin,----to behold

\* The ancient Oxus.      † A city of Trasnoxiania.

‡ " You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit ; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground, (which is equally covered with these purple-coloured flowers,) others come forth in their stead," &c. &c. Niethoff.

As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll  
 Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul----  
 This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,  
 That ranks him among demons all but first!  
 This gives the victim, that before him lies  
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,  
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumes  
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him----tasks that need  
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed  
 With which the Dives \* have gifted him----for  
 mark,

Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,  
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights  
 That spangle India's fields on showery nights †----  
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,  
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,  
 Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,  
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine  
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town  
 In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.  
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements  
 MOKANNA views that multitude of tents;  
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,  
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;  
 'That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,  
 Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they!  
 "Oh! for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,

\* The demons of the Persian mythology.

† Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. v. his Travels.

Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king\*  
 To darkness in a moment, that I might  
 People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!  
 But come what may, let who will grasp the  
 "throne,  
 Caliph or prophet, man alike shall groan ;  
 Let who will torture him, priest----caliph----king---  
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring  
 With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—  
 Sounds that shall glad me ev'n within my grave."†  
 us to himself----but to the scanty train  
 He left around him, a far different strain :---  
 Glorious defenders of the sacred crown  
 bear from heav'n, whose light nor blood shall  
 "drown,  
 or shadow of earth eclipse ;----before whose  
 "gems  
 he paly pomp of this world's diadems,  
 he crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne  
 of Parviz, † and the heron crest that shone, ‡  
 magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes, §  
 like the stars when morn is in the skies.

Sennacherib, called by the orientals King of Mous  
*D'Herbelot.*

Chosroes. For the description of his throne or  
 ce, v. *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot.*

"The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished  
 re the heron tuft of thy Turban." From one of  
 elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in Chas-  
 ters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb. v.  
*rdin.*

The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that  
 never the Persians would describe any thing as  
 lovely, they say it is Ayn Hall, or the eyes of Ali.  
*Chardin.*

"Warriors, rejoice----the port, to which we've  
 "pass'd  
 "O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!  
 "Victory's our own----'tis written in that book  
 "Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,  
 "That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power  
 "Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,  
 "When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,  
 "From Neksheb's holy well portentously shall  
 "rise!  
 "Now turn and see!"----"

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,  
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,  
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,  
 Rise from the holy well, and cast its light  
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles,\*  
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles  
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd minaret,  
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set:  
 Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign  
 A murmur broke----"Miraculous! divine!"  
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star  
 Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar  
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!  
 While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,  
 The glorious light which, in his freedom's day,

\* "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhsheb en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fonds d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la Lune, qui portait sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs miles." *D'Herbelot.* Hence he was called Sazen-deh mah, or the moon-maker.

Had rested on the ark,\* and now again  
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

“To victory!” is at once the cry of all----  
Nor stands MOKANNA loitering at that call;  
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,  
And forth, like a diminutive mountain tide  
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course  
Right on into the Moslem’s mighty force.  
The watchmen of the camp, who, in their rounds,  
Had paus’d and ev’n forgot the punctual sounds  
Of the small drum with which they count the  
night, †

To gaze upon that supernatural light,  
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,  
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.  
“On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen, ‡  
“Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;  
“There rests the Caliph----speed----one lucky  
“lance

“May now atchieve mankind’s deliverance!”  
Desperate the die----such as they only cast,  
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.  
But fate’s no longer with him----blade for blade  
Springs up to meet them through the glimmering  
shade,

\* The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—  
v. *Sale’s Note*, chap. ii.

† The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums. v. Burder’s Oriental Customs, vol. ii. p. 119

‡ The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents. *Notes on the Bahardanush.*

And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon  
 Pour to the spot, like bees of Kauzeroon \*  
 To the shrill timbrel's summons,----till, at length,  
 The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,  
 And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain  
 With random slaughter, drives the adventurous  
     train ;  
 Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil  
 Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail  
 Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,  
 Catching the tempest's momentary light !

And hath not this brought the proud spirit low ?  
 Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring ? no.  
 Though half the wretches, whom at night he led  
 To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,  
 Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,  
 Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the rest ;  
 And they believe him !—oh, the lover may  
 Distrust that look which steals his soul away ;  
 'The babe may cease to think that it can play  
 With heaven's rainbow ; alchymists may doubt  
 The shining gold their crucible gives out,  
 But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast  
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' impostor knew all lures and arts,  
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts ;  
 Nor, 'mid these last, bold workings of his plot  
 Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.  
 Ill-fated ZELICA ! had reason been

\* “From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeroon, the bees cull a celebrated honey.” *Morier's Travels.*

Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,  
 Thou never couldst have borne it—death had come  
 At once and taken thy wrung spirit home.  
 But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense  
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense  
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,  
 When her last hope of peace and heav'n took  
 fli ht;

And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—  
 As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke  
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,  
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;  
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—  
 Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,  
 And calm without, as is the brow of death,  
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath !—  
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free  
 From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,  
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,  
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Meron, he had her deck'd  
 Gorgeously out, the priestess of the sect;  
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes  
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;  
 Pallid as she, the young, devoted bride  
 Of the fierce Nile, when deck'd in all the pride  
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide !\*

\* “ A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the god of the Nile ; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.” *Savary.*

And while the wretched maid hung down her head,  
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,  
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell  
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell  
 Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance  
 Should dawn ere long their faith's deliverance.  
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,  
 Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,  
 Instant the bold blasphemer would translate  
 Her ravings into oracles of fate,  
 Would hail heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,  
 And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen  
 Gathering around ; and famine comes to glean  
 All that the sword had left unreap'd :—in vain  
 At morn and eve across the northern plain  
 He looks impatient for the promis'd spears  
 Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers;  
 They come not—while his fierce beleaguerers pour  
 Eugines of havoc in, unknown before,  
 And horrible as new ;\* javelins, that fly  
 Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark  
 sky

And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,  
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naptha fount,  
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below,  
 Looking, as through th' illumin'd night they go,

\* The Greeks' fire, which was occasionally lent by the emperors to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

Like those wild birds\* that by the Magians oft,  
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft  
 Into the air, with blazing faggots tied  
 To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide !  
 All night, the groans of wretches who expire,  
 In agony, beneath these darts of fire,  
 Ring through the city—while, descending o'er  
 Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore ;—  
 Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold,  
 Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd ;—  
 Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets  
 Now gush with blood ;—and its tall minarets,  
 That late have stood up in the evening glare  
 Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ;—  
 O'er each in turn, the dreadful flame-boits fall,  
 And death and conflagration throughout all  
 The desolate city hold high festival !

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more ;—  
 One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.  
 “ What! drooping now ? ”—thus, with unblushing  
 cheek,  
 He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,  
 Of all those famish'd slaves, around him lying,  
 And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—

\* “ At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Seze, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose the air and earth appeared one great illumination ; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced.”—

" What! drooping now?—now, when at length we  
 " press  
 " Home o'er the very threshold of success;  
 " When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away  
 " Those grosser branches that kept out his ray  
 " Of favour from us, and we stand at length  
 " Heirs of his light and children of his strength,  
 " The chosen few who shall survive the fall  
 " Of Kings and Thrones triumphant over all!  
 " Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,  
 " All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?  
 " Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid  
 " Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid  
 " Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither  
 " Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?  
 " Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but  
 " now  
 " All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!  
 " To-night—yes, sainted men this very night,  
 " I bid you all to a fair festal rite,  
 " Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary  
 " limb  
 " With viands such as feast Heaven's cherubim,  
 " And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,  
 " With that pure wine the dark-ey'd maids above  
 " Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they  
 " love,\*—  
 " I will myself uncurtain in your sight  
 " The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;  
 " Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse  
 " Yon myriads, howling through the universe!""

\* " The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."

Eager they listen----while each accent darts  
 New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts :  
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies  
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !  
 Wildly they point their lances to the light  
 Of the fast sinking sun, and shout "to-night!"  
 "To-night," their chief re-echoes, in a voice  
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice !  
 Deluded victims ! never hath this earth  
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth ;  
*Here*, to the few, whose iron frames had stood  
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,  
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout  
 Of triumph, like a maniac's laugh broke out ;  
*There*, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,  
 Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,  
 Among the dead and dying, strew'd around ;----  
 While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his  
 wound  
 Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,  
 In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head !

'Twas more than midnight now----a fearful pause  
 Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,  
 That lately from those royal gardens' burst,  
 Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,  
 When ZELICA----alas poor ruin'd heart,  
 In every horror doom'd to bear its part !----  
 Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
 Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,  
 Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave  
 Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat  
 His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !

Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,  
 A presage that her own dark doom was near,  
 Rous'd every feeling, and brought reason back  
 Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.  
 All round seem'd tranquil—ev'n the foe had ceas'd,  
 As it aware of that demoniac feast,  
 His fiery bolts ; and though the heav'ns look'd red,  
 'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread,  
 But hark !—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone !  
 'Tis her tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,  
 A long death-groan comes with it—can this be  
 The place of mirth, the bower of revelry ?  
 She enters. . Holy Alla, what a sight  
 Was there before her ! by the glimmering light  
 Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands  
 That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,  
 She saw the board in splendid mockery spread,  
 Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead,—  
 The urns, the cups, from which they late had  
     quaff'd,  
 All gold and gems, but---what had been the  
     draught ?  
 Oh ! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
 With their swell'n heads sunk blackening on their  
     breasts,  
 Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,  
 As if they sought but saw no mercy there ;  
 As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,  
 Remorse the deadlier torment of the two ;  
 While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train  
 Of their false chief, who on the battle-plain  
 Would have met death with transport by his side,  
 Here mute and helpless gasp'd ; but as they died,

Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,

And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
 The stony look of horror and despair,  
 Which some of these expiring victims cast  
 Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ;---  
 Upon that mocking fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,  
 Show'd them as in death's agony they gaz'd,  
 Not the long proinis'd light, the brow, whose beam-  
 ing

Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,  
 But features horribler than hell e'er trac'd  
 On its own brood ;---no demon of the waste,\*  
 No church-yard ghole, caught lingering in the  
 light

Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight  
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those  
 Th' impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows---  
 " There, ye wise saints, behold your Light, your  
 " Star,---

" Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.  
 " Is it enough ? or must I while a thrill  
 " Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still ?  
 " Swear that the burning death ye feel within,  
 " Is but the trance, with which heav'n's joys be-  
 " gin ;

\* " The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country, to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or spirit of the waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequester'd tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste." *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

" That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd  
 " Ev'n monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;  
 " And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said  
 " My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls are  
     " fled.  
 " Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,  
 " If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—  
 " Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy  
     " seat;  
 " Nay come---no shuddering---didst thou never  
     " meet  
 " The dead before?—They grac'd our wedding,  
     " sweet!  
 " And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so  
     " true  
 " Their parting cups, that thou shalt pledge one  
     " too.  
 " But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?  
 " Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,  
 " Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop re-  
     " mains,  
 " Enough to warm a gentle priestess' veins;—  
 " Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering  
     " arms  
 " Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,  
 " Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,  
 " And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!  
 " For me—I too must die—but not like these  
 " Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;  
 " To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,  
 " With all death's grimness added to its own,  
 " And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes  
 " Of slaves, exclaiming 'There his godship lies!'

"No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,  
"They've been my dupes, and shall be, ev'n in  
"death.  
"Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade----'tis fill'd  
"With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;  
"There will I plunge me in that liquid flame!  
"Fit bath to lave a dying prophet's frame!  
"There perish, all----ere pulse of thine shall fail---  
"Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.  
"So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,  
"Proclaim that heav'n took back the saint it gave;  
"That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,  
"To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!  
"So shall they build me altars in their zeal,  
"Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall  
"kneel;  
"Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell  
"Written in blood, and Bigotry may swell  
"The sail he spreads for heav'n with blasts from  
"hell!  
"So shall my banner, through long ages, be  
"The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;  
"Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA's name,  
"And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,  
"Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,  
"And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!  
"But hark! their battering engine shakes the  
"wall----  
"Why, let it shake----thus I can brave them all.  
"No trace of me shall greet them, when they  
"come,  
"And I can trust thy faith, for---thou'l be dumb.  
"Now mark how readily a wretch like me,  
"In one bold plunge, commences deity!"----

He sprung and sunk; as the last words were said----

Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,  
 And ZELICA was left----within the ring  
 Of those wide walls the only living thing,  
 The only wretched one, still curst with breath,  
 In all that frightful wilderness of death !  
 More like some bloodless ghost, such as, they tell,  
 In the lone Cities of the Silent\* dwell,  
 And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit  
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs  
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.  
 Their globes of fire, (the dread artillery lent  
 By Greece to conquering Mahadi,) are spent;  
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent  
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng  
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,----  
 All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent  
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement  
 And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,  
 Less tough to break down than the hearts within.  
 First in impatience and in toil is he,  
 The burning AZIM----oh ! could he but see  
 Th' impostor once alive within his grasp,  
 Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor Boa's clasp,  
 Could match the gripe of vengeance or keep pace  
 With the fell heartines of hate's embrace !

\* "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."

*Elphinstone.*

Loud rings the pond'rous ram against the walls;  
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,  
But still no breach----“once more, one mighty swing  
“Of all your beams, together thundering!”  
There----the wall shakes----the shouting troops ex-  
ult----

“Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult  
“Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!”----  
‘Tis done----the battlements come crashing down,  
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv’n in two,  
Yawning, like some old crater rent anew,  
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!  
But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen  
Above, below—what can this stillness mean?  
A minute’s pause suspends all hearts and eyes----  
“In through the breach,” impetuous AZIM cries;  
But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile  
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.----  
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc’d  
Forth from the ruin’d walls; and, as there glanc’d  
A sun-beam over it, all eyes could see  
The well-known Silver Veil!----“ ‘Tis he, ‘tis he,  
“MOKANNA, and alone!” they shout around;  
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground---  
“Mine, Holy Caliph! mine,” he cries, “the task  
“To crush yon daring wretch----’tis all I ask.”  
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
And falteringly comes, till they are near;  
Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM’s spear,  
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows----  
Oh!----’tis his ZELICA’s life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, AZIM," soothingly she said,  
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,  
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there  
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear----  
"I meant not thou should'st have the pain of this;  
"Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss  
"Thou would'st not rob me of, didst thou but know  
"How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!  
"But the fiend's venom was too scant and slow;---  
"To linger on were maddening, and I thought  
"If once that Veil----nay, look on it----caught  
"The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be  
"Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.  
"But this is sweeter----oh! believe me, yes----  
"I would not change this sad, but dear caress,  
"This death within thy arms I would not give  
"For the most smiling life the happiest live!  
"All that stood dark and drear before the eye  
"Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;  
"A light comes o'er me from those looks of love  
"Like the first dawn of mercy from above;  
"And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,  
"Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!  
"But live, my AZIM;----oh! to call thee mine  
"Thus once again! *my AZIM*;----dream divine!  
"Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet  
"Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,  
"Oh live to pray for her----to bend the knee  
"Morning and night before that Deity,  
"To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,---  
"As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain,  
"And pray that he may pardon her,----may take  
"Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake.

" And, nought remembering but her love to thee,  
" Make her all thine, all his, eternally !  
" Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd  
" Our youthful hearts together----every wind  
" That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known  
    " flowers,  
" Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours  
" Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again  
" For thy poor ZELICA as thou did'st then.  
" So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies  
" To heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise  
" With all love's earliest ardour to the skies !  
" And should they—but alas ! my senses fail----  
" Oh for one minute !----should thy prayers pre-  
    " vail----  
" If pardon'd souls may from that world of bliss  
" Reveal their joy to those they love in this,----  
" I'll come to thee----in some sweet dream----and  
    " tell----  
" Oh heaven----I die----dear love ! farewell, fare-  
    " well."

Time fleeted----years on years had pass'd away,  
And few of those who, on that mournful day,  
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see  
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,  
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave  
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,  
And aged man, who had grown aged there,  
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,  
For the last time knelt down—and, though the  
    shade  
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd

A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,  
That brighten'd even death----like the last streak  
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,  
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,----  
His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;  
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept  
So many years, had come to him, all drest  
In angels' smiles, and told him she was blest!  
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and  
died,----  
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,  
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned chainberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the royal table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty ; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces : an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Musulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that has ever----" "My good FADLADEEN!" exclaimed the princess interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard,

will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition."

"If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing but the subject immediately before him ;---"If that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched."

He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain, (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi,) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe.

The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face ;---a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise ;---and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a divinity.

"From such materials," said he, "what can be expected ?---after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the fibberds of Berdan, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lo'er lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires.

This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story ; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet, (to whom be all honour and glory !) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."\*

\* La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Tertament, ils les meprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontait étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter ;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's† apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was to say no worse of it, execrable : it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sedi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences too in which it indulged were unpardonable ;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such ;—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said FADLADEEN, "and has his full compliment of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus; " notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man; so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the great Chamberlain, before LLALLA ROOKH could

\* The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the royal standard of Persia.

venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion;—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The poet himself to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use had made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FALADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LLALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted in all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“ Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “ It is true,” she said, “ few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air and never touches the earth;+—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the written mountain, last forever:—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we

+ The Huma.

ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short, continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “ it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old man of the sea upon his back”.\* FADLADEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued ; and the Princess, glancing a look at FERMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull FADLADEENS of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small valley of gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before ; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated, from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress’s hair to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LLALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a story of a Peri, which

\* The Story of Sinbad.

if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is, said he, "with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other; then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

## PARADISE AND THE PERI.

---

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
And as she listen'd to the springs  
    Of life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
    Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

“ How happy,” exclaim’d this child of air,  
“ Are the holy spirits who wander there,  
“ Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;  
“ Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
“ And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
“ One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all.  
  
“ Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,  
“ With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,\*  
“ And sweetly the founts of that valley fall ;  
“ Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,  
“ And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,†

\* “ Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it.”—*Forster.*

† “ The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the

" Yet—oh 'tis only the blest can say

" How the waters of heaven outshine them all !

" Go wing thy flight from star to star,

" From world to luminous world, as far

" As the universe spreads its flaming wall ;

" Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,

" And multiply each through endless years,

" One minute of heaven is worth them all ! "

The glorious angel, who was keeping  
 The gates of light, beheld her weeping ;  
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd  
 To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd  
 Within his eyelids, like the spray

From Eden's fountain, when it lies  
 On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—

Blooms no where but in Paradise.

" Nymph of a fair, but erring line ! "

Gently he said—" One hope is thine :

" 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,

*" The Peri yet may be forgiven*

*" Who brings to this eternal gate*

*" The Gift that is most dear to Heaven.*

" Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin ;—

" 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in ! "

Rapidly as comets run

'To th' embraces of the sun :—

Fleeter than the starry brands,

Flung at night from angels' hands\*

summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

\* " The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away

At those dark and daring sprites,  
 Who would climb th' empyreal heights,  
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,  
 And, lighted earthward by a glance  
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go  
 To find this gift for heav'n ?—“ I know  
 “ The wealth,” she cries, “ of every urn,  
 “ In which unnumber'd rubies burn,  
 “ Beneath the pillars of Chilminar ;\*  
 “ I know where the Isles of Perfume are  
 “ Many a fathom down in the sea,  
 “ To the south of sun-bright Araby :†  
 “ I know too where the genii hid  
 “ The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,‡  
 “ With life's elixir sparkling high—  
 “ But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
 “ Where was there ever a gem that shone  
 “ Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne ?  
 “ And the drops of life—oh ! what would they  
     “ be  
 “ In the boundless deep of eternity ?”

the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens.” *Fryer.*

\* The Forty Pillars : so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by a genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. *D'Herbelot, Volney.*

† The Isles of Panchaia.

‡ “ The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.” *Richardson.*

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd  
 The air of that sweet Indian land,  
 Whose air is balm ; whose ocean spreads  
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds ;  
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem ;  
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides ;  
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice  
 Might be a Peri's paradise !

But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death  
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,  
 And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath  
 Upwasted from the innocent flowers !  
 Land of the Sun ! what foot invades  
 Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—  
 'Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,  
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?  
 'Tis he of Gazna !\*—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems  
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,  
 Torn from the violated necks

Of many a young and lov'd sultana ;†—

\* Mahmoud of Gazna, or Ghizna, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th. century. v. his history in *Dow* and *Sir J. Malcolm*.

† It is reported that the hunting equipage of the sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls. *Universal History*, vol. iii.

Maidens within their pure Zenana,  
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
 And choaks up with the glittering wrecks  
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,  
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze,  
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,

Alone, beside his native river,—  
 The red blade broken in his hand  
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

“Live,” said the conqueror, “live to share  
 ‘The trophies and the crowns I bear!’”

Silent that youthful warrior stood—

Silent he pointed to the flood  
 All crimson with his country’s blood,  
 Then sent his last remaining dart  
 For answer to th’ invader’s heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
 The tyrant liv’d, the hero fell!—  
 Yet mark’d the Peri where he lay,

And when the rush of war was past,  
 Swiftly descending on a ray

Of morning light, she caught the last—  
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing’d her flight,  
 “My welcome gift at the gates of light.

“Though foul are the drops that oft distil

“On the field of warfare, blood like this,

“For liberty shed, so holy is,

“It would not stain the purest rill,

“That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!

“Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,

"A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,  
 "'Tis the last libation liberty draws  
 "From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her  
     "cause!"  
 "Sweet," said the angel, as she gave  
     The gift into his radiant hand,  
 "Sweet is our welcome of the brave  
     "Who die thus for their native land.---  
 "But see---alas! the crystal bar  
 "Of Eden moves not---holier far  
 "Than ev'n this drop the boon must be  
 "That opens the gates of heav'n for thee!"'

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
     Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,\*  
 Far to the South, the Peri lighted;  
     And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
 Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth  
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,  
 Deep in those solitary woods,  
 Where all the genii of the floods  
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
 And hail the new-born giant's smile!†  
 Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,  
     Her grot, and sepulchres of kings‡

\* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise." *Bruce.*

† "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy or the Giant." *Asiat. Researches*, v. i. p. 387.

‡ V. Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in upper Thebes, and the numberless grot covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

The exil'd spirit sighing roves ;  
 And now hangs listening to the doves  
 In warm Rosetta's vale\*----now loves  
     To watch the moonlight on the wings  
 Of the white pelicans that break  
 The azure calm of Moeris' lake.†  
 'Twas a fair scene----a land more bright  
     Never did mortal eye behold !  
 Who could have thought, that saw this night  
     Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
 Basking in heav'n's screenest light ;----  
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
     Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
     Warns them to their silken beds ;‡----  
 Those virgin lilies, 'all the night  
     Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
     When their beloved Sun's awake ;----  
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem  
 The relics of a splendid dream ;  
     Amid whose fairy loneliness  
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
 Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam,)  
 Some purple wing'd sultana§ sitting

\* "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves." *Sonnini*.

† Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

‡ "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep." *Dafard el Hadad*.

§ "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural

Upon a column, motionless  
 And glittering, like an idol bird !----  
 Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,  
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,  
 More mortal far than ever came  
 From the red desert's sands of flame ?  
 So quick, that every living thing  
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,  
 Like plants, where the Simoon hath past,  
 At once falls black and withering !

The sun went down on many a brow,  
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,  
 Is rankling in the pest-house now  
 And ne'er will feel that sun again !

And oh ! to see th' unburied heaps  
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps----  
 The very vultures turn away,  
 And sicken at so foul a prey !  
 Only the fierce hyæna stalks\*  
 Throughout the city's desolate walks  
 At midnight, and his carnage plies----

Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets  
 The glaring of those large blue eyest  
 Amid the darkness of the streets !

and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana." *Sonnini.*

\* Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries, &c." *Bruce.*

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,  
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall----  
 "Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,  
 "But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"  
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear  
 Around her, as the bright drops ran ;  
 For there's a magic in each tear,  
 Such kindly spirits weep for man.

Just then beneath some orange trees,  
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
 Were wantoning together, free,  
 Like age at play with infancy—  
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan  
 Of one who, at this silent hour,  
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.  
 One who in life, where'er he mov'd,  
 Drew after him the hearts of many ;  
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,  
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any !  
 None to watch near him—none to slake  
 The fire that in his bosom lies,  
 With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,  
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.  
 No voice, well-known through many a day,  
 To speak the last, the parting word,  
 Which, when all other sounds decay,  
 Is still like distant music heard.  
 That tender farewell on the shore  
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
 Which cheers the spirit, e'er its bark  
 Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone  
Shed joy around his soul in death—  
That she, whom he for many years had known,  
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own,  
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—  
Safe in her father's princely halls,  
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,  
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand  
Of the sweet wood from India's land,  
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.  
But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,  
This melancholy bower to seek,  
Like a young envoy sent by Health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
'Tis she,—far off, through moonlight dim,  
He knew his own betrothed bride,  
She, who would rather die with him,  
Than live to gain the world beside!—  
Her arms are round her lover now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.  
Ah! once, how little did he think  
An hour would come, when he should shrink  
With horror from that dear embrace,  
Those gentle arms, that were to him  
Holy as is the cradling place  
Of Edin's infant cherubim!  
And now he yields—now turns away,  
Shuddering as if the venom lay  
All in those proffer'd lips alone—  
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came

Near his unask'd or without shame.  
 "Oh ! let me only breathe the air,  
 "The blessed air that's breath'd by thee,  
 "And, whether on its wings it bear  
 "Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me !  
 "There, drink my tears, while yet they fall,—  
 "Would that my bosom's blood were balm,  
 "And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,  
 "To give thy brow one minute's calm.  
 "Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
 "Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—  
 "The one, the chosen one, whose place  
 "In life or death is by thy side ?  
 "Think'st thou that she, whose only light,  
 "In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
 "Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
 "That must be hers, when thou art gone ?  
 "That I can live, and let thee go,  
 "Who art my life itself ?—No, no,—  
 "When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
 "Out of its heart must perish too !  
 "Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
 "Before like thee I fade and burn ;  
 "Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
 "The last pure life that lingers there !"  
 She falls—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
 In charnal airs or cavern-damp,  
 So quickly do his baleful sighs  
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes ;  
 One struggle—and his pain is past—  
 Her lover is no longer living !  
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving ?

“ Sleep,” said the PERI, as softly she stole  
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
 As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—  
 “ Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
 “ In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd  
 “ Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
 “ Who sings at the last his own death-lay,\*  
 “ And in music and perfume dies away!”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
 Unearthly breathings through the place,  
 And shook her sparkling wreath and shed  
 Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
 That like two lovely saints they seem'd  
 Upon the eve of dooms-day taken  
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—  
 While that benevolent PERI beam'd  
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
 Watch o'er them till their souls would waken !  
 But morn is blushing in the sky;  
 Again the PERI soars above,  
 Bearing to heav'n that precious sigh  
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
 High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
 For the bright spirit at the gate  
 Smil'd as she gave that offering in;

\* “ In the east, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.—Richardson.

And she already hears the trees  
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
 That from the throne of ALLA swells ;  
 And she can see the starry bowls  
 That lie around that lucid lake,  
 Upon whose banks admitted souls  
 Their first sweet draught of glory take !\*

But ah ! ev'n Peri's hopes are vain—  
 Again the Fates forbade, again  
 Th' immortal barrier clos'd—"not yet,"  
 The angel said as, with regret,  
 He shut from her that glimpse of glory—  
 "True was the maiden, and her story,  
 Written in light o'er ALLA's head,  
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.  
 But PERI, see—the crystal bar  
 Of Eden moves not—holier far  
 Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be  
 That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of rokest  
 Softly the light of eve reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;

\* "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."--From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

† Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous ;---hence, Suristan, the land of roses.

Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below!  
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun light falls ;—  
 Gay lizards glittering on the walls\*  
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light,—  
 And yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
 Variously in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm West,—as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 Th' unclouded skies of PERISTAN !  
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed,† with hum  
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,  
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;

\* “ The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the temple of the sun at Balbec, amounted to many thousands ; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings were covered with them. *Bruce.* ”

† The syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria. *Russel.*

And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods, so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless PERI ;  
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
Joyless she sees the sun look down  
On that great temple, once his own,\*  
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials, which the wizard, time,  
Had rais'd to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
Beneath those chambers of the sun;  
Some amulet of gems anneal'd  
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
With the great name of SOLOMON,  
Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,  
May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
In earth or ocean lies the boon,  
The charm that can restore so soon,  
An erring spirit to the skies !

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither ;—  
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
Nor have the golden bowers of even  
In the rich west begun to wither ;—  
When o'er the vale of BALBEC winging,  
Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
As rosy and as wild as they ;  
Chasing with eager hands and eyes,

\* The temple of the sun at Balbec.

The beautiful blue damsel flies,\*  
 That flutter'd round the josome stems,  
 Like winged flowers or flying gems ;  
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play  
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd

To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd

Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !  
 In which the PERI's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;  
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—  
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests !—there written, all,  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
 Ere mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit,) look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance

\* " You behold there a considerable number of remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels." Sonnini.

Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burnt all night  
Through some impure and godless rite  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark ! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of day-light sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air,  
From SYRIA's thousand minarets !  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers where he had laid his head,  
And down upon a fragrant sod  
Kneels with his forehead to the South,  
Lisping the eternal name of God  
From purity's own cherub mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again !  
Oh 'twas a sight—that heav'n—that child—  
A scene, which might have well beguil'd  
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt he, the wretched man,  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace !  
“ There was a time,” he said in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—“ thou blessed child !

" When young and haply pure as thou,  
 " I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"  
 He hung his head—each nobler aim

And hope and feeling, which had slept  
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept! he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!

In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

" There's a drop," said the Peri, " that down from  
 " the moon

" Falls through the withering airs of June  
 " Upon Egypt's land,\* of so healing a power,  
 " So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour  
 " That drop descends, contagion dies,  
 " And health reanimates earth and skies!—  
 " Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,  
 " The precious tears of repentance fall?  
 " Though foul thy very plagues within,  
 " One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all."

And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sun-beam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven  
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!

\* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on Saint John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

T'was when the golden orb had set,  
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,  
 There fell a light more lovely far  
 Than ever came from sun or star,  
 Upon the tear, that warm and meek,  
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek :  
 To mortal eye this light might seem  
 A northern flash, a meteor beam—  
 But well the enraptur'd Peri knew  
 'Twas a bright smile the angel threw  
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
 Her harbinger of glory near !

" Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—  
 " The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won !  
 " Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—  
 " To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad  
 " Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM,\*  
 " And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD !  
 " Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,  
 " Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—  
 " My feast is now of the Tooba tree,†  
 " Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !

" Farewell ye vanishing flowers, that shone  
 " In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—  
 " Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,

\* The Country of Delight---the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the city of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

† The tree Tooba that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. *Sales Prelim. Disc.* Touba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

" To the lot-tree, springing by ALLA's throne,\*

" Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!

" Joy, joy forever!—my task is done—

" The Gates are pass'd and Heav'n is won!"

\* Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran as having seen the angel Gabriel, " by the lot tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven on the right hand of the throne of God.

"AND this," said the great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zanara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt. After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to the lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.\* They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the resent lamentable instance to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed† carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered in a pair of the lightest and loosest rawers of Masulipatam!"

\* It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams."--- *Ebn Haukal*.

† The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise, v. *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. I. p. 191.

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the angel's "radiant hand," he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects\* should undertake."

In vain did LLALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.† Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement or even toleration of her poet. 'Toleration, indeed, was not among the weak-

\* For a description of this hospital of the Banyans, v. *Parson's Travels*, p. 262.

† "Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no persons ever succeeded in gaining its summit." *Kinneir.*

nesses of FADLADEEN : he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit : whether the game before him was pagans or poet-asters,—worshippers of cows or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LLALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence, which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure, convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love without knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers; if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all ended to bring their hearts close together, and to raken, by every means, that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!\* She saw but

\* The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch

one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the king of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure ; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again forever!\*

The arrival of the young bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the princess than was strictly necessary for her safe-guard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people ; while the artizans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant display of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment ;—particularly on the day when LLALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility and rode along between ranks of beautiful boy and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their headst as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

their young by only looking at them. *P. Vanslebe Retat. d' Egypte.*

\* V. Sale's *Koran*, note, vol. ii, p. 484.

† Ferishta.

For many days after their departure from Lahore a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LLALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory !) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,\* at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers, and to listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticism, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words :

TELL me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss,  
Truer, happier than the love  
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes ;—  
Far from me their dangerous glow,  
If those looks that light the skies  
Wound like some that burn below!

Who that feels what love is here,  
All its falsehood—all its pain—

\* The fine road made by the emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again ?

Who, that midst a desert's heat  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they ?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LLALLA ROOKH's heart, and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.\* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a lake surrounded by small mangoe trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LLALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew

The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak. Sir W.  
Jones.

nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference ; and the princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who in a very few minutes, appeared before them, looking so pale and unhappy in LLALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled thither from their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigotted conquerors. Like their own fire in the Burning Field at Bakou,\* when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another ; and as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and holy valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, lie owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

\* The Ager ardens, described by *Kempfer, Amænitat. Exot.*

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals “ Bigotted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!”—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the princess. It was impossible for LLALLA ROOKH to refuse: he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therrefere readily granted, and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers:—

'Tis moonlight over Oman's sea ;\*—

Her banks of pearl and palmy isles  
Bask in the night beam beauteously,

And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's† walls,  
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,  
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell  
Of trumpet and the clash of zel;‡  
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ;—  
The peaceful sun, whom better suits

The music of the bulbul's nest,  
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,

To sing him to his golden rest !

All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion ;  
The shore is silent as the ocean.

If zephyrs come, so light they come,

Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ;—

The wind-tower on the Emir's dome §

Can hardly win a breath from heaven,  
Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps  
Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;  
While curses load the air he breathes,  
And falchions from unnumber'd sheathes  
Are starting to avenge the shame

\* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

† The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the gulf.

‡ A Moorish instrument of music.

§ "At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses." *Le Bryan.*

His race hath brought on Iran's\* name,  
 Hard, heartless chief, unmov'd alike  
 Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—  
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,  
     To carnage and the Koran given,  
 Who think through unbelievers' blood  
     Lies their direst path to heaven.  
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod  
     In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,  
 To mutter o'er some text of God  
     Engraven on his reeking sword ;†—  
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,  
 The letter of those words divine,  
 To which his blade, with searching art,  
     Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Alla! what must be thy look,  
     When such a wretch before thee stands  
 Unblushing, with thy sacred book,  
     Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,  
 And wresting from its page sublime  
 His creed of lust and hate and crime?  
 Ev'n as those bees of Trebizond,—  
     Which from the sunniest flowers that glad  
 With their pure smile the gardens round,  
     Draw venom forth that drives men mad!‡

\* "Iran is the true general name of the empire of Persia." *Asiae. Res. Disc. 5.*

† "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed." *Russel.*

‡ "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad." *Tournefort.*

Never did fierce Arabia send  
A satrap forth more direly great;  
Never was Iran doom'd to bend  
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.  
Her throne half fall'n—her pride was crush'd—  
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,  
In their own land—no more their own,—  
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.  
Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,  
To Mosiem shrines—oh shame ! were turn'd,  
Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,  
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.  
Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,  
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still  
With hope and vengeance :—hearts that yet,  
Like gems, in darkness issuing rays  
They've treasur'd from the sun that's set,—  
Beam all the light of long-lost days!  
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow  
To second all such hearts can dare ;  
As he shall know, well, dearly know,  
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,  
Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
Becalm'd in heaven's approving ray !  
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine  
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine,  
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd  
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power ;  
None but the loving and the lov'd  
Should be awake at this sweet hour.  
And see—where, high above above those rocks  
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,

Yon turret stands ; where ebon locks,  
 As glossy as a heron's wing  
 Upon the turban of a king, \*

Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—  
 'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,  
 All truth and tenderness and grace,  
 Though born of such ungentle race ;  
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
 Springing in a desolate mountain ! †  
 Oh what a pure and sacred thing  
 Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
 Of the gross world, illumining  
 One only mansion with her light !  
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—  
 The flower, that blooms beneath the sea  
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
 Hid in more chaste obscurity !  
 So H NDA, have thy face and mind,  
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.  
 And oh what transport for a lover  
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er !—  
 Like those who, all at once discover  
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
 Where mortal never trod before,  
 And sleep and wake in scented airs  
 No lip had ever breath'd but theirs !  
 Beautiful are the maids that glide

\* "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty." *Hanway.*

† "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East." *Richardson.*

On summer eves, through YEMEN's\* dales;  
And bright the glancing looks they hide

Behind their litters' roseate veils;—  
And brides, as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmin'd flowers they wear,  
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,

Who lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,  
Before their mirrors count the time,

And grow still lovelier every hour.  
But never yet hath bride or maid

In ARABY's gay Harams smil'd,  
Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
An infant's dream, yet not the less  
Rich in all woman's loveliness;—  
With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,  
Blinded like serpents when they gaze  
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze !† —  
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
Mingle the meek and vestal fires  
Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this!  
A soul, too, more than half divine,

Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,  
Religion's soften'd glories shine,

#### \* Arabia Felix.

† “ They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones [emeralds,] he immediately becomes blind. *Ahmed ben abdalaziż*, Treatise on Jewels.

Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
 So warm and yet so shadowy too,  
 As makes the very darkness there  
 More beautiful than light elsewhere !  
 Such is the maid who, at this hour,

Hath risen from her restless sleep,  
 And sits alone in that high bower,

Watching the still and shining deep.  
 Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes

And beating heart—she us'd to gaze  
 On the magnificent earth and skies,

In her own land, in happier days.  
 Why looks she now so anxious down  
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown

Blackens the mirror of the deep ?  
 Whom waits she all this lonely night ?

Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,  
 For man to scale that turret's height !—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,

When high, to catch the cool night air,  
 After the day-beam's withering fire,\*

He built her bower of freshness there,  
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,

And fondly thought it safe as fair :—

Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,

Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—  
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees

No charms in trophies won with ease ;—

Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss

\* At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.—*Marco Polo.*

Are pluck'd on danger's precipice !  
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive  
     For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,  
 Love, in the tempest most alive,  
     Hath ever held that pearl the best  
 He finds beneath the stormiest water!  
 Yes—ARABY's unrivall'd daughter,  
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude.

There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,  
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude

Of ARARAT's tremendous peak,\*  
 And think its steeps, through dark and dread,  
 Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led !  
 Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,  
 That lights his oar's impatient way :—  
 Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock  
 Of his swift bark against the rock,  
 And stretches down thy arms of snow,  
 As if to lift him from below !  
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,†  
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
 And scal'd the terrace of his bride ;—  
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
 And mid-way up in danger cling  
 She flung him down her long black hair,  
 Exclaiming breathless, “ There, love, there ! ”

\* This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

† In one of the books of the Shah Nameh, when Zal [a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair] comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent ;—he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—v. *Champion's Ferdosi.*

And scarce did manlier nerve uphold  
 The hero Zal in that fond hour,  
 Than wings the youth who fleet and bold  
 Now climbs the rock, to Hindā's bower.  
 See—light as up their granite steeps  
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,\*  
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,  
 And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,  
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—  
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
 Some beauteous bird, without a name,  
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
 From isles in the unuiscoved seas,  
 To show his plumage for a day  
 To wondering eyes, and wing away!  
 Will he thus fly—her nameless lover?  
 Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon  
 As fair as this, while singing over  
 Some ditty to her soft kanoon,†  
 Alone at this same watching hour,  
 She first beheld his radiant eyes  
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,  
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs;  
 And thought some spirit of the air  
 (For what could wast a mortal there?)  
 Was pausing on his moonlight way,

\* On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats. *Niebuhr.*

† “Canun, espece de psalteron, avec des cordes de boyaux ; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des decailles, armées de pointes de coco.” *Toderinni, translated by De Cournan.*

To listen to her lonely lay !  
 This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :  
 And though, when terror's swoon was past,  
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,  
 Before her in obeisance cast,—  
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken  
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken  
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,  
 Oh ! she hath feared her soul was given  
 To some unhallow'd child of air,  
 Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,  
 Like those angelic youths of old,  
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,  
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
 And lost their heaven for woman's eyes !

Fond girl ! nor fiend, nor angel lie,  
 Who woos thy young simplicity ;  
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,  
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire  
 As the best heart whose current runs  
 Full of the Day-God's living fire !

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,  
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow  
 Never before, but in her dreams,  
 Had she beheld him pale as now :  
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,  
 From which 'twas joy to wake and weep ;  
 Visions that will not be forgot,  
 But sadden every waking scene,  
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot  
 All wither'd where they once had been !

“ How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,  
Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
So long had they in silence stood,  
Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
“ How sweetly does the moonbeam smile  
“ To-night upon yon leafy isle !  
“ Oft, in my fancy’s wanderings,  
“ I’ve wish’d that little isle had wings,  
“ And we, within its fairy bower,  
“ Were wasted off to seas unknown,  
“ Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
“ And we might live, love, die alone !  
“ Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
“ Where the bright eyes of angels only  
“ Should come around us, to behold  
“ A paradise so pure and lonely !  
“ Would this be world enough for thee ?”  
Playful she turn’d, that he might see  
The passing smile her cheek put on ;  
But when she mark’d how mournfully  
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;  
And bursting into heart-felt tears,  
“ Yes, yes,” she cried, “ my hourly fears,  
“ My dreams have boded all too right—  
“ We part—for ever part to-night !  
“ I knew, I knew it could not last—  
“ ’Twas bright, ’twas heavenly, but ’tis past !  
“ Oh ! ever thus, from childhood’s hour,  
“ I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
“ I never lov’d a tree or flower,  
“ But ’twas the first to fade away ;  
“ I never nurs’d a dear gazelle,  
“ To glad me with its soft black eye.

But when it came to know me well  
 " And love me, it was sure to die !  
 " Now too—the joy most like divine  
 " Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 " To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
 " Oh misery ! must I lose that too ?  
 " Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;—  
 " Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—  
 " No, never come again—though sweet,  
 " Though heaven, it may be death to thee.  
 " Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
 " Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger !  
 " Better to sit and watch that ray,  
 " And think thee safe, though far away,  
 " Than have thee near me, and in danger!"  
 " Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast—"—  
 The youth exclaim'd—" thou little know'st  
 " What he can brave, who, born and nurst  
 " In danger's paths, has dar'd her worst !  
 " Upon whose ear the signal-word  
 " Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;  
 " Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
 " His fever'd hand must grasp in waking !  
 " Danger!—"

" Say on—thou fear'st not then,  
 " And we may meet—oft meet again?"

" Oh ! look not so—beneath the skies  
 " I now fear nothing but those eyes :  
 " If aught from earth could charm or force  
 " My spirit from its destin'd course,

"If aught could make this soul forget  
 "The bond to which the seal is set,  
 "Twould be those eyes;—they, only they  
 "Gould melt that sacred seal away!  
 "But no—'tis fix'd—my awful doom  
 "Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb  
 "We meet no more—why, why did heaven  
 "Mingle two souls that earth has riven,  
 "Has rent asunder wide as ours?  
 "Oh! Arab maid! as soon the powers  
 "Of light and darkness may combine,  
 "As I be link'd with thee or thine!  
 "Thy father—"

"Holy Alla save

"His gray head from that lightning glance!  
 "Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;  
 "Nor lives there under heaven's expanse,  
 "One who would prize, would worship thee  
 "And thy bold spirit, more than he.  
 "Oft when in childhood, I have play'd  
 "With the bright falchion by his side,  
 "I've heard him swear his lisping maid  
 "In time should be a warrior's bride.  
 "And still, whene'er, at haram hours,  
 "I take him cool sherbets and flowers,  
 "He tells me, when in playful mood,  
 "A hero shall my bridegroom be,  
 "Since maids are best in battle woo'd,  
 "And won with shouts of victory!  
 "Nay, turn not from me—thou alone  
 "Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.  
 "Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st  
 "Th' unholy strife these Persians wage."

" Good heav'n, that frown !—ev'n now thou glow'st  
 " With more than mortal warrior's rage.  
 " Haste to the camp by morning's light,  
 " And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,  
 " Oh still remember love and I  
 " Beneath its shadow trembling lie !  
 " One victory o'er those slaves of Fire,  
 " Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire  
 " Abhors——"

" Hold, hold—thy words are death"—

The stranger cried, as wild he flung  
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath  
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.—\*

" Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see  
 " All that thy sire abhors, in me !  
 " Yes—I am of that impious race,  
 " Those slaves of Fire, who morn and even,  
 " Hail their Creator's dwelling-place  
 " Among the living lights of heaven !†  
 " Yes—I am of that outcast few,  
 " To Iran and to vengeance true,  
 " Who curse the hour your Arabs came  
 " To desolate our shrines of flame,  
 " And swear before God's burning eye,  
 " To break our country's chains or die !

\* They [the Ghebers] lay so much stress on the cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it." *Grose's Voyage.* Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose ; mais, ayant ete depouille de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'i portait comme Ghebr, &c. &c. *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

† They suppose the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary. *Hanway.*

"Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—  
 "He who gave birth to those dear eyes,  
 "With me is sacred as the spot  
 "From which our fires of worship rise!  
 "But know—'twas he I sought that night,  
 "When, from my watch-boat on the sea,  
 "I caught this turret's glimmering light,  
 "And up the rude rocks desperately  
 "Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—  
 "I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,  
 "And found a trembling dove within;—  
 "Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—  
 "If Love hath made one thought his own,  
 "That vengeance claims first—last—alone!  
 "Oh! had we never, never met,  
 "Or could this heart e'en now forget  
 "How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,  
 "Had'st thou been born a Persian maid,  
 "In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,  
 "Through the same fields in childhood play'd,  
 "At the same kindling altar knelt,  
 "Then, then, while all those nameless ties,  
 "In which the charm of Country lies,  
 "Had round our hearts been hourly spun,  
 "Till Iran's cause and thine were one;—  
 "While in thy lute's awakening sigh  
 "I heard the voice of days gone by,  
 "And saw in every smile of thine  
 "Returning hours of glory shine!—  
 "While the wrong'd Spirit of our land  
 "Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through  
     "thee,—  
 "God! who could then this sword withstand?

" Its very flash were victory !  
 But now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,  
 " Far as the grasp of fate can sever ;  
 " Our only ties what love has wove,—  
 " Faith, friends, and country sunder'd wide ;—  
 " And then, then only, true to love,  
 " When false to all that's dear beside !  
 " Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—  
 " Thyselv, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—  
 " Hate never look'd so lovely yet !  
 " No—sacred to thy soul will be  
 " The land of him who could forget  
 " All but that bleeding land for thee !  
 " When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,  
 " Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
 " Thou'l think how well one Gheber lov'd,  
 " And for *his* sake thou'l weep for all !  
 " But look——"

With sudden start he turn'd  
 And pointed to the distant wave,  
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd  
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave ;  
 And fiery darts, at intervals,\*  
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
 As if each star that nightly falls,  
 Were shooting back to heaven again.

" My signal lights !—I must away—  
 " Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.

\* "The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars." *Baww. garten.*

"Farewell, sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—  
"Now, Vengeance!—I am thine again."

Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,  
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd  
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,  
As if he fled from love to death.

While pale and mute young Hinda stood,  
Nor mov'd till in the silent flood  
A momentary plunge below  
Startled her from her trance of woe;—  
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,

"I come—I come—if in that tide  
"Thou sleep'st to-night—I'll sleep there too,  
"In death's cold wedlock by thy side.  
"Oh! I would ask no happier bed  
"Than the chill wave my love lies under;—  
"Sweeter to rest together dead,  
"Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"  
But no—their hour is not yet come—  
Again she sees his pinnace fly,  
Wafting him fleetly to his home,  
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;  
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win  
Its moonlight way before the wind,  
As if it bore all peace within.  
Nor left one breaking heart behind.

THE princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the poet's theme; for, when he spoke of love, they said his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the eaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.

Their road all the morning had lain through a dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jingle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while as usual, the princess sat listening anxiously, with FAD-ADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,  
 And o'er the Green Sea\* palely shines,  
 Revealing BAHREIN's groves of palm,  
 And lighting KISHMA's† amber vines,  
 Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,  
 While breezes from the Indian sea  
 Blow round SELAMA's‡ sainted cape,  
 And curl the shining flood beneath,—  
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape,  
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,  
 Which pious seamen as they pass'd,  
 Had tow'rd that holy head-land cast—  
 Oblations to the Genii there  
 For gentle skies and breezes fair !  
 The nightingale now bends her flight  
 From the high trees, where all the night  
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen ;  
 And hides her from the morning star  
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten  
 In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er  
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain  
 The best and brightest scimitar §

\* The Persian Gulf.—“To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.” *Sir W. Jones.*

† Islands in the Gulf.

‡ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Mus-seldom “The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.” *Morier.*

§ In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, “the dew is of such a pure nature, that, if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust.”

What ever youthful Sultan wore  
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the sun himself!—on wings  
Of glory up the East he springs.  
Angel of light! who from the time  
Those heavens began their march sublime,  
Hath first of all the starry choir  
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,  
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd  
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER  
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,  
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?  
Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on CADESIA's\* bloody plains,  
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem  
From Iran's broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains:—  
Ask the poor exile, cast alone  
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,  
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,†

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,  
Far from his beauteous land of dates,

Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!  
Yet happier so than if he trod  
His own belov'd but blighted sod,

\* The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

† Derbend. “Les Tures appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des nciens.” D'Herbelot.

Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—  
 Oh! he would rather houseless roam  
     Where Freedom and his God may lead,  
 Than be the sleekest slave at home  
     That crouches to the conqueror's creed!  
 Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,  
     Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves?—  
 No—she has sons that never—never—  
     Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,  
     While heav'n has light or earth has graves.  
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,  
     But flash resentment back for wrong;  
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds  
     Of vengeance ripen into deeds,  
     Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,  
 They burst like ZBILAN's giant palm,\*  
     Whose buds fly open with a sound  
     That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,  
     And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,  
 Had taught thee in a Gheber's power  
     How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest—  
 Is one of many, brave as he,  
     Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;  
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,  
     Who, though they know the riven chain

\* The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon," Thunberg.

Snaps but to enter in the heart  
 Of him who rends its links apart,  
 Yet dare the issue,—blest to be  
 E'en for one bleeding moment free,  
 And die in pangs of liberty !  
 Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since  
 Thy turban'd troops and blood red flags,  
 Thou satrap of a bigot prince !

Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;  
 Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band,  
 Ay, in the portal of that land  
 Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,  
 Their spears across thy path have thrown ;  
 Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—  
 Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.

Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,  
 Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd  
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.

How many a spirit, born to bless,  
 Hath sunk beneath that withering name,  
 Whom, but a day's, an hour's success  
 Had wafted to eternal fame !

As exhalations when they burst  
 From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
 If check'd in soaring from the plain,  
 Darken to fogs and sink again ;—  
 But if they once triumphant spread  
 Their wings above the mountain-head,  
 Become enthron'd in upper air,  
 And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he, that wields the might  
 Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,  
 Before whose sabre's dazzling light  
 The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink ?  
 Who comes enbower'd in the spears  
 Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers ?—  
 Those mountaineers, that truest, last,  
 Cling to their country's ancient rites,  
 As if that God whose eye-lids cast  
 Their closing gleams on IRAN's heights,  
 Among her snowy mountains threw  
 The last light of his worship too !

'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound  
 Chills like the muttering of a charm ;—  
 Shout but that awful name around,  
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.  
 'Tis HAFED, most accurst and dire  
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)  
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire !  
 Of whose malign tremendous power  
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,  
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,  
 That each affrighted sentinel  
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,  
 Lest HAFED iu the midst should rise !  
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,  
 A mingled race of flame and earth,  
 Sprung from these old, enchanted kings,\*

\* Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia whose adventures in Fairy-Land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Talmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

Who in their fairy helms of yore,  
 A feather from the mystic wings  
   Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ; .  
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,  
 Who groan to see their shrines expire,  
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,  
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales that won belief,  
 And such the colouring Fancy gave  
 To a young, warm and dauntless Chief,—  
 One who, no more than mortal brave,  
 Fought for the land his soul ador'd,  
   For happy homes, and altars free,—  
 His only talisman, the sword,  
   His only spell-word Liberty !  
 One of that ancient hero line,  
 Along whose glorious current shine  
 Names that have sanctified their blood ;  
 As LEBANON's small mountain-flood  
 Is render'd holy by the ranks  
 Of sainted cedars on its banks !\*

'Twas not for him to crouch the knee  
 Tamely to Moslem tyranny,—  
 'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast  
 In the bright mould of ages past,  
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed  
 With all the glories of the dead,  
 Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,  
 Was born among her chains and tears !  
 'Twas not for him to swell the crowd

\* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints," among which it rises.

Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast—  
No—far he fled, indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame ;  
While every tear her children shed

Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;  
And as a lover hails the dawn

Of a first smile, so welcom'd he  
The sparkle of the first sword drawn

For vengeance and for liberty !  
But vain was valour—vain the flower  
Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,  
Against AL HASSAN's whelming power.—

In vain they met him, helm to helm,  
Upon the threshold of that realm  
He came in bigot pomp to sway,  
And with their corpses block'd his way—

In vain—for every lance they rais'd,  
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd ;  
For every arm that lin'd their shore,

Myriads of slaves were wasted o'er,—

A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
Before whose swarms as fast they bow'd  
As dates beneath the locust cloud !

There stood—but one short league away  
From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay—  
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea  
Of Oman beetling awfully.

A last and solitary link  
Of those stupendous chains that reach  
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink  
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.

Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants in the flood,  
As if to guard the Gulf across ;  
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high  
That oft the sleeping albatross\*  
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
Started---to find man's dwelling there  
In her own silent fields of air !  
Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
Dark welcome to each stormy wave  
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ;—  
And such the strange, mysterious din  
At times throughout those caverns roll'd—  
And such the fearful wonders told  
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,  
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,  
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff,  
  
On the land side, those towers sublime,  
That seem'd above the grasp of time,  
Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,  
So fathomless, so full of gloom,  
No eye could pierce the void between ;  
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come  
With their foul banquets from the tomb,  
And in its caverns feed unseen.  
Like distant thunder, from below,

\* These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good-Hope.

The sound of many torrents came ;  
 Too deep for eye or ear to know  
 If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,  
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.  
 For each ravine, each rocky spire  
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire ;\*  
 And, though for ever past the days,  
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
 That from its lofty altar shone,—  
 Though fled the Priests, the votaries gone,  
 Still did the mighty flame burn on  
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,  
 Like its own God's eternal will,  
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led  
 His little army's last remains ;—  
 “ Welcome terrific glen !” he said,  
 “ Thy gloom that Eblis' self might dread,  
 “ Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains !”  
 O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known  
 To him and to his chiefs alone,  
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers ;—  
 “ This home,” he cried, “ at least is ours—  
 “ Here may we bleed, unmock'd by hymns  
 “ Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;  
 “ Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs  
 “ To quiver to the Moslem's tread,  
 “ Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks  
 “ Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,

\* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

"Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye  
 "Gloats on our torments, we may die!"

'Twas night when to those towers they came;  
 And gloomily the fitful flame,  
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,  
 Glar'd on his features, as he spoke :—  
 " 'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done;  
 " If IRAN will look tamely on,  
 " And see her priests, her warriors driven  
 " Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
 " A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,  
 " And makes a pander of his god!  
 " If her proud sons, her high born souls,  
 " Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace!  
 " The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM\* rolls,—  
 " If they will court this upstart race,  
 " And turn from MITHRA's ancient ray,  
 " To kneel at shrines of yesterday!  
 " If they will crouch to IRAN's foes,  
 " Why, let them—till the land's despair  
 " Cries out to heav'n, and bondage grows  
 " Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!  
 " Till shame at last, long hidden, burns  
 " Their inmost core, and conscience turns  
 " Each coward tear the slave lets fall  
 " Back on his heart in drops of gall!  
 " But here, at least, are arms unchain'd,  
 " And souls that thralldom never stain'd;—

\* Ancient heroes of Persia. " Among the Ghebers there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."

" This spot, at least, no foot of slave  
 " Or satrap ever yet profan'd ;  
 " And, though but few—though fast the wave  
 " Of life is ebbing from our veins,  
 " Enough for vengeance still remains.  
 " As panthers, after set of sun,  
 " Rush from the roots of Lebanon  
 " Across the dark sea-robb'r's ways,\*  
 " We'll bound upon our startled prey ;—  
 " And when some hearts that proudest swell  
 " Have felt our falchion's last farewell ;  
 " When hope's expiring throb is o'er,  
 " And ev'n despair can prompt no more,  
 " This spot shall be the sacred grave  
 " Of the last few, who vainly brave,  
 " Die for the land they cannot save !"  
 His chiefs stood round—each shining blade  
 Upon the broken altar laid—  
 And though so wild and desolate  
 Those courts where once the mighty sate ;  
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers  
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,  
 With which of old the Magi fed  
 The wandering spirits of the Dead ;†  
 Though neither priests nor rights were there

\* V. Russel's account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

† " Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—Richardson.

Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate,<sup>t</sup>  
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,  
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;<sup>†</sup>  
 Yet the same God that heard their sires  
 Heard them; while on that altar's fires  
 They swore the latest holiest deed  
 Of the few hearts still left to bleed,  
 Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,  
 To die upon that mount of flame—  
 The last of all her patriot line,  
 Before her last untrampled shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew  
 How many a tear their injuries drew  
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,  
 Whom love first touch'd with others' woe—  
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,  
 Slept like a lake, till love threw in  
 His talisman, and woke the tide,  
 And spread its trembling circles wide.  
 Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,  
 Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd,—

<sup>t</sup> In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

<sup>†</sup> "Early in the morning, they [the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam] go in crowds to pay their devotions to the sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun." --- *Rabbi Benjamin.*

Tranquil as on some battle-plain  
The Persian lily shines and towers,  
Before the combat's reddening stain  
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.  
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,  
While heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,  
Once at thy evening tales of blood  
Unlistening and aloof she stood—  
And oft when thou hast pac'd along  
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,  
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,  
That came across thee, calm and sweet,  
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near  
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear ?  
Far other feelings love hath brought—  
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,  
She now has but the one dear thought,  
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness !  
Oft doth her sinking heart recall  
His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"  
And bitterly, as day on day  
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,  
She weeps a lover snatch'd away  
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.  
There's not a sabre meets her eye,  
But with his life-blood seems to swim ;  
There's not an arrow wings the sky,  
But fancy turns its point to him.  
No more she brings with footstep light  
AL HASSAN's falchion for the fight;  
And,—had he look'd with clearer sight,  
Had not the mists, that ever rise  
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—

He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,  
When from the field of blood he came,  
The faltering speech—the look estrang'd—  
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—  
He would have mark'd all this, and known,  
Such change is wrought by love, alone !

Ah ! not the love, that should have bless'd  
So young, so innocent a breast ;  
Not the pure, open, prosperous love,  
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
Grows on the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile and home's caress,  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness !

No, HINDA, no—thy fatal flame  
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—

A passion, without hope or pleasure,  
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,  
It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—  
Some idol, without shrine or name,  
O'er which its pale ey'd votaries keep  
Unholy watch while others sleep !

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN's sea,  
Since, last, beneath the moonlight ray,  
She saw his light oar rapidly  
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,  
And still she goes at midnight hour,  
'To weep alone in that high bower,  
And watch, and look along the deep  
For him whose smiles first made her weep, ~  
But watching, weeping, all was vain,  
She never saw his bark again.

The owlet's solitary cry,  
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,  
     And oft the hateful carrion-bird,  
 Heavily flapping his clogged wing,  
 Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—  
     Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN's brow  
     Is brighten'd with unusual joy—  
 What mighty mischief glads him now,  
     Who never smiles but to destroy ?  
 The sparkle upon HERKEND's sea,  
 When toss'd at midnight furiously,\*  
     Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,  
 More surely than that smiling eye !  
 " Up, daughter up—the Kerna's breath†  
 " Has blown a blast would waken death,  
 " And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see  
 " This blessed day for heaven and me,  
 " A day more rich in Pagan blood  
 " Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN's flood.  
 " Before another dawn shall shine,  
 " His head, heart, limbs—will all be mine ;  
 " This very night his blood shall steep  
 " These hands all over e'er I sleep!"—  
 " His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind  
 Still singling *one* from all mankind—  
 " Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,

\* It is observed with respect to the sea of Herkend that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire."—*Travels of two Mahomedans.*

† A kind of trumpet;—" it was used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.—*Richardson.*

" HAFED, my child, this night is ours.  
 " Thanks to all-conquering treachery,  
 " Without whose aid the links accurst,  
 " That bind these impious slaves, would be  
 " Too strong for ALLA's self to burst !  
 " That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread  
 " My path with piles of Moslem dead,  
 " Whose baffling spells had almost driven  
 " Back from their course the swords of heaven,  
 " This night, with all his band, shall know  
 " How deep an Arab's steel can go,  
 " When god and vengeance speed the blow,  
 " And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath  
 " Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death,\*  
 " I swear for every sob that parts  
 " In anguish from these heathen hearts,  
 " A gem from Persia plunder'd mines  
 " Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.  
 " But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—  
 " Those vivid lips—my child, my child,  
 " This life of blood befits not thee,  
 " And thou must back to ARABY.  
 " Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex  
 " In scenes that man himself might dread,  
 " Had I not hop'd our every tread  
   " Would be on prostrate Persian necks—  
 " Curst race, they offer swords instead!  
 " But cheer thee, maid—the wind that now  
 " Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,

\* " Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one ; the latter of, which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod."—*Universal History*.

"To-day shall waft thee from the shore;  
"And, ere a drop of this night's gore  
"Have time to chill in yonder towers,  
"Thou'l see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true—  
There lurk'd one wretch among the few  
Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count  
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—  
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd  
The path-way through the valley's shade  
To those high towers where Freedom stood  
In her last hold of flame and blood.  
Left on the field last dreadful night,  
When sallying from their sacred height,  
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,  
He lay—but died not with the brave;  
That sun, which should have gilt his grave  
Saw him a traitor and a slave;—  
And, while the few, who thence return'd  
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd  
For him among the matchless dead  
They left behind on glory's bed,  
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,  
Laugh'd them and faith and heaven to scorn!  
Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of night!  
May life's unblessed cup for him  
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—  
With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
With joys that vanish while he sips,

Like dead-sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips !  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flame  
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—  
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh  
Are fading off, untouched, untasted  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !  
And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
Just prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell  
Full in the sight of paradise,  
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

LLALLA ROOKH had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over. She fancied that she was sailing on the Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies who live for ever on the water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approach her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood as an offering to the spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets ;--- the violet sherbets were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava, which is always used to express the lamentation of absent lovers, the poet thus continued :---

THE day is lowering—stilly black  
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,  
 Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky  
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy !  
 There's not a cloud in that blue plain

But tells of storm to come or past ;—  
 Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse, in the blast ;—  
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,  
 As proud to be the thunder's dwelling !  
 While some, already burst and riven,  
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven ;  
 As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,  
 And, having swept the firmament,

Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,  
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,  
 More awful than the tempest's sound.  
 The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,  
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours ;  
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,  
 Flew fast to land ; upon the beach  
 The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance  
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ;  
 And all was boding, drear and dark  
 As her own soul, when HINDA's bark  
 Went slowly from the Persian shore—  
 No music tim'd the parting oar,\*

\* “The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.” *Harmer.*

Nor friends upon the lessening strand  
 Linger'd to wave the unseen hand,  
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more ;—  
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay  
 The vessel takes its mournful way,  
 Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers  
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.\*

And where was stern AL HASSAN then ?  
 Could not that saintly scourge of men  
 From bloodshed and devotion spare  
 One minute for a farewell there ?  
 No—close within, in changeful fits  
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits  
 In savage loneliness to brood  
 Upon the coming night of blood,  
 With that keen, second-scent of death,  
 By which the vulture snuffs his food

In the still warm and living breath !†  
 While o'er the wave his weeping daughter  
 Is wasted from these scenes of slaughter,—  
 As a young bird of Babylon,‡

\* “The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished ; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean.” *Richardson.*

† “I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear.” *Pennant,*

‡ “They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon.” *Travels of certain Englishmen.*

Let loose to tell of victory won,  
 Flies home, with wing, ah ! not unstain'd  
 By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks  
 Light up no gladness on her cheeks ?  
 The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known groves,  
 Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—  
 Once more to see her dear gazelles  
 Come bounding with their silver bells ;  
 Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,  
 She left, all filleted with gold,  
 Shooting around their jasper fount.\*—  
 Her little garden mosque to see,  
 And once again, at evening hour,  
 To tell her ruby rosary

In her own sweet acacia bower.—  
 Can these delights that wait her now,  
 Call up no sunshine on her brow ?  
 No—silent, from her train apart,—  
 As if ev'n now she felt at heart  
 The chill of her approaching doom,—  
 She sits, all lovely in her gloom  
 As a pale angel of the grave ;  
 And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,  
 Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,  
 Where, in a few short, awful hours,

\* "The Empress of Jahan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them." *Harriet.*

Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,  
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !

" Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,

" So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now ?

" Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er

" Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,

" Still glorious—still to this fond heart

" Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !

" Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA ! yes—

" If there be wrong, be crime in this,

" Let the black waves that round us roll,

" Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,

" Forgetting faith,---home,---father,---all---

" Before its earthly idol fall, "

" Nor worship ev'n thyself above him---

" For oh ! so wildly do I love him,

" Thy paradise itself were dim

" And joyless if not shar'd with him !"

Her hands were clasp'd---her eyes upturn'd,

Dropping their tears like moonlight rain ;

And, though her lip, fond raver ! burn'd

With words of passion, bold, profane,

Yet was there light around her brow,

A holiness in those dark eyes,

Which show'd---though wandering earthward now

Her spirit's home was in the skies.

Yes---for a spirit, pure, as hers,

Is always pure, ev'n while it errs ;

As sunshine, broken in the rill,

Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still !

So wholly had her mind forgot

All thoughts but one, she heeded not

The rising storm—the wave that cast

A moment's midnight, as it pass'd,  
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread  
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—  
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie  
With the rude riot of the sky.—

But hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—

That crash, as if each engine there,  
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
Mid yells and stampings of despair.

Merciful heav'n! what can it be?

Tis not the storm, though fearfully  
The ship has shudder'd, as she rode  
O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God!

"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,  
Trembling all over,—for she felt,  
As if her judgment hour was near;  
While crouching round, half dead with fear,  
Her hand-maids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd—

When, hark!—a second crash—a third—

And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,

The deck falls in—what horrors then!

Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
Come mix'd together through the chasm;

Some wretches in their dying spasm

Still fighting on—and some that call

'For God and Iran!' as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
The perils of th' insuriate fray,  
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath  
This wilderment of wreck and death?  
She knew not—for a faintness came

Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
 Amid the ruins of that hour  
 Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,  
 Beneath the red volcano's shower !  
 But oh ! the sights and sounds of dread  
 That shock'd her, ere her senses fled !  
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove  
 Upon the tottering planks above—  
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er  
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,  
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash  
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
 Like meteor brands\*—as if throughout  
 The elements one fury ran,  
 One general rage, that left a doubt  
 Which was the fiercer, heav'n or man !

Once too—but no—it could not be—  
 'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,  
 While yet her fading eyes could see,  
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught  
 A glimpse of that unearthly form  
 That glory of her soul—ev'n then,  
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
 Shining above his fellow men,  
 As, on some black and troublous night,  
 The star of Egypt,† whose proud light  
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest

\* The meteors which Pliny calls, faces.

† "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in Europe's climates." *Brown.*

In the White Islands of the West,\*  
Burns through the storm with the looks of flame  
That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!  
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—  
A fantasy—and ere the scream  
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
The still hour, when storms are gone ;  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
Fresh as if Day again were born,  
Again upon the lap of Morn !  
When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
Hang floating in the pure air still,  
Filling it all with precious balm,  
In gratitude for this sweet calm ;  
And every drop the thunder-showers  
Have left upon the grass and flowers  
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem†  
Whose liquid flame is born of them !

\* V. Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.

† A precious stone of the Indies, called by ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it ; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages suppose it to be the opal.

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,—  
 And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees  
 Had vassal breezes of their own  
 To watch and wait on them alone,  
 And waft no other breath than theirs !  
 When the blue waters rise and fall,  
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;  
 And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves,  
 Is like the full and silent heaves  
 Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
 Too newly to be quite at rest !

Such was the golden hour that broke  
 Upon the world, when HINDA woke  
 From her long trance, and heard around  
 No motion but the water's sound  
 Rippling against the vessel's side,  
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—  
 But where is she ?—her eyes are dark,  
 Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,  
 The same, that from Harmozia's bay  
 Bore her at morn—whose bloody way  
 The sea-dog track'd ?—no—strange and new  
 Is all that meets her wondering view.  
 Upon a galliot's deck she lies,  
 Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,  
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.  
 But the rude litter, roughly spread  
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,

And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
For awning o'er her head are flung.  
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun  
Resting their limbs, as for that day  
Their ministry of death were done.

Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
Lost in unconscious reverie ;  
And some who seem'd but ill to brook  
That sluggish calm, with many a look  
To the slack sail impatient cast,  
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA ! who shall save her now ?

There's not in all that warrior band  
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow  
From her own faithful Moslem land,  
Their garb—the leathern belt\* that wraps  
Each yellow vest†—that rebel hue—

The Tartar fleece upon their caps‡—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,  
And heav'n hath in this dreadful hour,  
Abandon'd her to HAFED's power ;—  
HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought

Her very heart's blood chills within ;  
He, whom her soul was hourly taught

To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,  
Some minister, whom hell had sent

\* *D'Herbelot*, Art. Agduani.

† “The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes.” They do not.

‡ “The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary.” Waring

To spread its blast, where'er he went,  
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,  
His shadow betwixt man and God !

And she is now his captive,—thrown  
In his fierce hands, alive, alone ;  
His the infuriate band she sees,  
All infidels—all enemies !

What was the daring hope that then  
Cross'd her like lightning, as again  
With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd  
A look so searching, so intent,

That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd  
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,  
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.

But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—  
The vision, that before her shone  
Through all the maze of blood and storm,  
Is fled—'twas but a phantom's form—  
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,  
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams  
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll  
In trance or slumber round the soul !

But now the bark, with livelier bound,

Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—  
The oars are out, and with light sound

Break the bright mirror of the ocean,  
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.  
And now she sees—with horror sees

Their course is tow'r'd that mountain hold,—  
Those towers that make her life-blood freeze,  
Where Mecca's godless enemies

Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions roll'd  
In their last deadly, venomous fold !

Amid th' illumin'd land and flood,  
Sunless that mighty mountain stood,  
Save where, above its awful head,  
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,  
As 'twere the flag of destiny

Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power

Of thought in this terrific hour,

She well might marvel where or how

Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow ;

Since ne'er had Arab heard or known

Of path but through the glen alone.—

But every thought was lost in fear

When, as their bounding bark drew near

The craggy base, she felt the waves

Hurry them tow'r'd those dismal caves

That from the deep in windings pass

Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—

And loud a voice on deck commands

To lower the mast and light the brands !—

Instantly o'er the dashing tide

Within a cavern's mouth they glide,

Gloomy as that eternal porch,

Through which departed spirits go ;—

Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch

Its flickering light could further throw

'Than the thick flood that boil'd below.

Silent they floated—as if each

Sat breathless, and too awed for speech

In that dark chasm, where even sound

Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around  
The goblin echoes of the cave  
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
As 'twere some secret of the grave !  
But soft—they pause—the current turns  
Beneath them from its onward track ;—  
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns  
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,  
And scarce the oar's redoubled force  
Can stem the eddy's whirling course ;  
When, hark !—some desperate foot has sprung  
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—  
The oars are up—the grapple clings,  
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.  
Just then a day-beam through the shade  
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid  
Can see from whence the brightness steals,  
Upon her brow she shuddering feels  
A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
A bandage round her burning eyes ;  
While the rude litter where she lies,  
Uplifted by the warrior throng,  
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.  
Blest power of sunshine ! genial day,  
What balm, what life is in thy ray !  
To feel thee is such real bliss,  
That had the world no joy but this,  
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—  
It were a world too exquisite  
For man to leave it for the gloom,  
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb !  
Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where  
Or whither wound the perilous road,

Yet knew by that awakening air,  
Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
That they had ris'n from darkness then,  
And breath'd the sunny world again !

But soon this balmy freshness fled—  
For now the steepy labyrinth led  
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,  
And fall of loosen'd crags, that rouse  
The leopard from his hungry sleep,  
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,  
And long is heard from step to step,  
Chasing them down their thundering way !  
The jackal's cry—the distant moan  
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone ;—  
And that eternal, saddening sound  
Of torrents in the glen beneath,  
As 'twere the ever-dark profound  
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !  
All, all is fearful—ev'n to see,  
To gaze on those terrific things  
She now but blindly hears, would be  
Relief to her imaginings !  
Since never yet was shape so dread,  
But fancy, thus in darkness thrown,  
And by such sounds of horror fed,  
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream ? has fear again  
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,  
Or did a voice, all music, then  
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—  
' Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here ?'

She does not dream—all sense, all ear,  
 She drinks the words, “ Thy Gheber’s here.”  
 ’Twas his own voice—she could not err—

Throughout the breathing world’s extent  
 There was but *one* such voice for her,  
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent !

Oh ! sooner shall the rose of May

Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
 And to some meaner minstrel’s lay

Open her bosom’s glowing veil,\*  
 Than love shall ever doubt a tone,  
 A breath of the beloved one !

Though blest, ’mid all her ills, to think

She has but one beloved near,  
 Whose smile, though met on ruin’s brink,

Hath power to make ev’n ruin dear,—  
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost  
 By fears for him, is chill’d and lost:  
 How shall the ruthless HAFED brook  
 That one of Gheber blood should look,  
 With aught but curses in his eye,  
 On her—a maid of Araby—

A Moslem maid, the child of him,

Whose bloody banner’s dire success  
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,

And their fair land a wilderness !

And, worse than all, that night of blood

Which came so fast—oh ! who shall stay  
 The sword, that once hath tasted food  
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way ?

\* A frequent image among the oriental poets. “ The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose.” *Jami.*

What arm shall then the victim cover,  
Or from her father shield her lover ?  
“ Save him, my God ! ” she only cries—  
“ Save him this night—and if thine eyes  
    “ Have ever welcom’d with delight  
“ The sinner’s tears, the sacrifice  
    “ Of sinners’ hearts—guard him this night,  
“ And here before thy throne I swear  
“ From my heart’s inmost core to tear  
    “ Love, hope, remembrance, though they be  
“ Link’d with each quivering life-string there,  
    “ And give it bleeding all to thee !  
“ Let him but live, the burning tear,  
“ The sighs, so sinful yet so dear,  
“ Which have been all too much his own,  
“ Shall from this hour be heaven’s alone.  
“ Youth pass’d in penitence, and age  
“ In long and painful pilgrimage  
“ Shall leave no traces of the flame  
“ That wastes me now—nor shall his name  
“ E’er bless my lips, but when I pray  
“ For his dear spirit, that away  
“ Casting from its angelic ray  
“ Th’ eclipse of earth, he too may shine  
“ Redeem’d, all glorious and all thine !  
“ Think—think what victory to win  
“ One radiant soul like his from sin ;—  
“ One wandering star of virtue back  
“ To its own native, heaven-ward track !  
“ Let him but live, and both are thine,  
    “ Together thine—for blest or curst,  
“ Living or dead, his doom is mine,  
    “ And if he perish, both are lost !

THE next evening LLALLA ROOKH was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

FADLADEEN, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction, and took his seat for the evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease  
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,  
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,  
 Had been a fair, enchanting sight.  
 'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
 A day of storm so often leaves  
 At its calm setting—when the West  
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,  
 And a moist radiance from the skies  
 Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
 Of some meek penitent, whose last,  
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
 And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
 Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late  
 Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond grove  
 And shaken from her bowers of date  
 That cooling feast the traveller loves,\*  
 Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl  
 The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam  
 Limpid, as if her mines of pearl  
 Were melted all to form the stream.  
 And her fair islets, small and bright,  
 With their green shores reflected there,  
 Look like those Peri isles of light,  
 That hang by spell-work in the air.  
 But vainly did those glories burst

\* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers"—*Ebn Haukel.*

On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first  
 The bandage from her brow was taken,  
 And pale and aw'd as those who waken  
 In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,  
 The Searchers of the Grave\* appear,—  
 She shuddering turn'd to read her fate

In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;  
 And saw those towers all desolate,

That o'er her head terrific frown'd,  
 As if defying ev'n the smile  
 Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.  
 In vain, with mingled hope and fear,  
 She looks for him whose voice so dear  
 Had come, like music, to her ear—  
 Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.  
 And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread  
 That through her inmost bosom run,

When voices from without proclaim  
 "HAFED, the Chief"—and, one by one,  
 The warriors shout that fearful name!  
 He comes—the rock resounds his tread—  
 How shall she dare to lift her head,  
 Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare  
 Not YEMEN's boldest sons can bear?  
 In whose red beam the Moslem tells,  
 Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,  
 As in those hellish fires that light  
 The mandrake's charnel leaves at night!†

\* The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Oakley, vol. ii.

† "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."—Richardson.

How shall she bear that voice's tone,  
 At whose loud battle-cry alone  
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,  
 Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,  
 When, stretch'd at evening round the well,  
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell !

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,  
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,  
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now ;  
 And shuddering, as she hears the tread  
 Of his retiring warrior band.—

Never was pause so full of dread :

Till HAFED with a trembling hand  
 Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,  
 " HINDA!"—that word was all he spoke,  
 And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke  
 From her full bosom told the rest—

Panting with terror, joy, surprise,  
 The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,

To hide them on her Gheber's breast!

'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,  
 The fellest of the fire-fiends brood.

HAFED, the demon of the fight,  
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight  
 Is her own lov'd Gheber, mild  
 And glorious as when first he smil'd  
 In her lone tower, and left such beams  
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
 That she believ'd her bower had given  
 Rest to some wanderer from heaven!  
 Moments there are, and this was one,

Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun  
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom  
Around the crater's burning lips,

Sweetening the very edge of doom !  
The past—the future—all that Fate  
Can bring of dark or desperate  
Around such hours, but makes them cast  
Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone  
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—  
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—  
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made  
A land of carcasses and slaves,  
One dreary waste of chains and graves !  
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,

To see the last long-struggling breath  
Of liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down, and share her death—  
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,  
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,  
Beaming that blest assurance, worth

All other transports known on earth,  
That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—  
Oh ! in this precious hour he prov'd  
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow  
Of rapture kindling out of woe ;  
How exquisite one single drop  
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top  
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,  
Though death must follow on the draught !

She too, while gazing on those eyes  
 That sink into her soul so deep,  
 Forgets all fears, all miseries,  
 Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,  
 Whom fancy cheats into a smile,  
 Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while !  
 The mighty Ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,  
 Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,

Where lightly over th' illumin'd surge  
 Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
 Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,  
 Now bounded on and gave their sails,  
 Yet dripping, to the evening gales ;  
 Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
 Spreading their wet wings in the sun.

The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star  
 Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,  
 Where still right lingering glories bright,—  
 As if to grace the gorgeous West,

The spirit of departing light  
 That eve had left his sunny vest

Behind him ere he wing'd his flight.  
 Never was scene so form'd for love !  
 Beneath them waves of crystal move  
 In silent swell—heaven glows above,  
 And their pure hearts, to transport given,  
 Swell like the wave, and glow like heav'n.  
 But ah ! too soon that dream is past—

Again, again her fear returns ;—  
 Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,  
 More faintly the horizon burns,  
 And every rosy tint that lay  
 On the smooth sea hath died away,

Hastily to the darkening skies  
 A glance she casts—then wildly cries  
 “At night, he said—and look, ‘tis near—  
     “Fly, fly—if yet thou lov’st me, fly—  
 “Soon will his murderous band be here,  
     “And I shall see thee bleed and die.—  
 “Hush!—heard’st thou not the tramp of men?  
 “Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—  
 “Perhaps ev’n now they climb the wood—  
     “Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,  
 “He’ll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—  
     “I know him—he’ll not wait for night!”

In terrors ev’n to agony  
 She clings around the wondering Chief;  
 “Alas, poor wilder’d maid! to me  
     “Thou ow’st this raving trance of grief.  
 “Lost as I am, nought ever grew  
 “Beneath my shade but perish’d too—  
 “My doom is like the Dead Sea air,  
     “And nothing lives that enters there!  
 “Why were our barks together driven  
 “Beneath this morning’s furious heaven?  
 “Why when I saw the prize that chance  
     “Had thrown into my desperate arms,—  
 “When casting but a single glance  
     “Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,  
 “I vow’d (though watching viewless o'er  
     “Thy safety through that hour’s alarms)  
 “To meet th’ unmanning sight no more—  
 “Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?  
 “Why weakly, madly met thee now?—  
 “Start not—that noise is but the shock

" Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—  
 " Dread nothing here—upon this rock  
 " We stand above the jarring world,  
 " Alike beyond its hope—its dread—  
 " In gloomy safety like the dead !  
 " Or could ev'n earth and hell unite  
 " In league to storm this Sacred Height,  
 " Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,  
 " And each o'erlooking star that dwells  
 " Near God will be thy sentinels,  
 " And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,  
 " Back to thy sire——"

" To-morrow!—no—"

The maiden scream'd—" thou'l never see  
 " To-morrow's sun—death, death will be  
 " The night-cry through each reeking tower,  
 " Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour !  
 " Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew  
 " That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—  
 " Nay, doubt not—by yon stars 'tis true—  
 " Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;  
 " This morning, with that smile so dire  
 " He wears in joy, he told me all,  
 " And stamp'd in triumph through our hall  
 " As though thy heart already beat  
 " Its last life-throb beneath his feet !  
 " Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then  
   " His victim was my own lov'd youth !—  
 " Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—  
   " By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth !"  
 Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes  
   Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,  
 Is that congealing pang which seizes

The trusting bosom, when betray'd,  
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,  
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,

So amaz'd and motionless was he ;—  
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,  
Or some mute marble habitant

Of the still halls of ISHMONIE !\*  
But soon the painful chill was o'er,  
And his great soul, herself once more,  
Look'd from his brow in all the rays  
Of her best, happiest, grandest days !  
Never, in moment most elate,

Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—  
While bright, serene, determinate,

His looks are lifted to the skies,  
As if the signal-lights of Fate

Were shining in those awful eyes !  
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom  
In IRAN's sacred cause is come ;  
And though his life hath pass'd away  
Like lightning on a stormy day,  
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track

Of glory permanent and bright,  
To which the brave of after-times,  
The suffering brave shall long look back

With proud regret,—and by its light

Watch through the hours of slavery's night  
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes !  
This rock his monument aloft,

\* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, etc. to be seen to this day, v. *Perry's view of the Levant*.

Shall speak the tale to many an age ;  
 And hither bards and heroes oft  
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,  
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell  
 The wondering boys where HAFED fell,  
 And swear them on those lone remains  
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,  
 Never—while breath of life shall live  
 Within them—never to forgive  
 Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain  
 Hath left on IRAN's neck a stain,  
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !

Such are the swelling thoughts that now  
 Enthrone themselves on HAFED's brow :  
 And ne'er did saint of Issa\* gaze

On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,  
 More proudly than the youth surveys  
 That pile which through the gloom behind,  
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,  
 Glimmers,—his destin'd funeral pyre !  
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,  
 Of every wood of odorous breath,  
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,  
 Ready to fold in radiant death  
 The few still left of those who swore  
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—  
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,  
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,  
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed  
 For their own infant Prophet spread,

\* Jesus.

When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd  
The death flames that beneath him burn'd!\*

With watchfulness the maid attends  
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—  
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams ?  
What plans he now ? what thinks or dreams ?  
Alas ! why stands he musing here,  
When every moment teems with fear ?  
“ HAFED, my own beloved Lord,”  
She kneeling cries—“ first, last ador'd !  
“ If in that soul thou'st ever felt  
    “ Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
“ Here on my knees that never knelt  
    “ To any but their God before,  
“ I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—  
“ Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh  
“ Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither  
    “ Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea  
“ East—west—alas I care not whither,  
“ So thou art safe, and I with thee !  
“ Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
    “ Those eyes before me smiling thus,  
“ Through good and ill, through storm and shine  
    “ The world's a world of love for us !  
“ On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,  
“ Where 'tis no crime to love too well ;—  
“ Where thus to worship tenderly  
“ An erring child of light like thee

\* The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned, instantly into a “ bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed.”

Tavernier.

"Will not be sin—or, if it be,  
 "Where we may weep our faults away,  
 "Together kneeling, night and day,  
 "Thou, for my sake, at ALLA's shrine,  
 "And I—at any God's for thine."

Wildly those passionate words she spoke—

Then hung her head, and wept for shame  
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke

With every deep-heav'd sob that came,  
 While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not

If for a moment, pride and fame,  
 His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,

And Iran's self are all forgot

For her whom at his feet he sees,

Kneeling in speechless agonies.

No, blame him not, if hope awhile

Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile

O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights

Wing'd with those precious, pure delights

Which she, who bends all beauteous there,

Was born to kindle and to share!

A tear or two, which, as he bow'd

To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,

First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud

Of softness passing o'er his soul.

Starting he brush'd the drops away,

Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;

Like one who, on the morn of fight,

Shakes from his sword the dews of night,

That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light,

Yet, though subdued th' unerring thrill,

Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,  
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid  
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,  
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown  
 As soft, as yielding as her own,  
 And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,—  
 “Yes—if there be some happier sphere,  
 “Where fadeless truth like ours is dear;—  
 “If there be any land of rest  
 “For those who love and ne'er forget,  
 “Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest  
 “We'll meet in that calm region yet!”

Scarce had she time to ask her heart  
 If good or ill those words impart,  
 When the rous'd youth impatient flew  
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,  
 A ponderous sea-horn\* hung, and blew  
 A signal, deep and dread as those  
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—  
 Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
 Through life and death, that signal knew;  
 For 'twas th' appointed warning blast,  
 Th' alarm to tell when hope was past,  
 And the tremendous death die cast!  
 And there, upon the mouldering tower,  
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,  
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea  
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.

\*“The shell called Silankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.”—Pennant.

They came—his Chieftains at the call  
 Came slowly round, and with them all—  
 Alas, how few!—the worn remains  
 Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains  
 Went gaily prancing to the clash  
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
 Catching new hope from every flash  
 Of their long lances in the sun—  
 And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,  
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,\*  
 Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
 Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
 How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,  
 As round the burning shrine they came;—  
 How deadly was the glare it cast,  
 As mute they paus'd before the flame  
 To light their torches as they pass'd!  
 Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd  
 The duties of his soldier-band;  
 And each determin'd brow declares  
 His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.  
 But minutes speed—night gems the skies—  
 And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,  
 That look from heaven, ye may behold  
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!  
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
 The maiden sees the veteran group,  
 Her litter silently prepare,

\* “The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.”—*Thevenot*.

And lay it trembling at her feet;—  
 And now the youth, with gentle care,  
     Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press  
 Of hands, that for the last time sever;  
 Of hearts, whose puise of happiness,  
 When that hold breaks is dead for ever.  
 And yet to *her* this sad caress  
     Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!  
 'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—  
     Their happy flight's dear harbinger;  
 'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—  
     'Twas any thing but leaving her.  
 "Haste, haste!" she cried "the clouds grow dark,"  
 "But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;  
 "And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!  
     "With thee upon the sunbright deep,  
 "Far off I'll but remember this,  
     "As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!  
 "And thou——" but ha!—he answers not—  
     Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?  
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot,  
     Where some hours since, his voice's tone  
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,  
 Sweet as the Angel ISRAFIL's,\*  
 When every leaf on Eden's tree  
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—  
 Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—  
     " HAFED! my HAFED!—if it be  
 "Thy will, thy doom this night to die,  
     " Let me but stay to die with thee,

\* "The Angel Irisfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—Sale.

" And I will bless thy loved name,  
" Till the last life-breath leave this frame.  
" Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid  
" But near each other while they fade ;  
" Let us but mix our parting breaths,  
" And I can die ten thousand deaths!  
" You too, who hurry me away  
" So cruelly, one moment stay—  
" Oh! stay—one moment is not much—  
" He yet may come—for *him* I pray—  
" HAFED! dear HAFED!—" all the way  
In wild lamentings, that would touch  
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name  
To the dark woods—no HAFED came :—  
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last :

Your hearts should both have broken then;  
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—  
You'll never meet on earth again!  
Alas for him, who hears her cries!—

Still half-way down the steep he stands,  
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
The glimmer of those burning brands,  
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
Light all the loves on earth away!  
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,  
By the cold moon have just consign'd  
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,  
To the bleak flood they leave behind :  
And on the deck still lingering stay,  
And long look back with sad delay,  
To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then ?  
 That dreadful shout!—across the glen  
 From the land it comes, and loud  
 Rings through the chasm ; as if the crowd  
 Of fearful things, that haunt that dell  
 Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell  
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,  
 So loud, so terrible that shout !

“They come—the Moslems come !”—he cries,  
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes,  
 “Now, spirits of the brave, who roam  
 “Enfranchis’d through yon starry dome,  
 “Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire  
 “Are on the wing to join your choir !”

He said—and, light as bridegrooms’ bound  
 To their young loves, reclimb’d the steep,  
 And gain’d the shrine—his chiefs stood round ;  
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,  
 Together at that cry accurst,  
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams burst.  
 And hark!—again—again it rings ;  
 Near and more near its echoings  
 Peal through the chasm—oh ! who that then  
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,  
 With their swords grasp’d, their eyes of flame  
 Turned on their chief—could doubt the shame,  
 Th’ indignant shame with which they thrill  
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still ?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—

“What ! while our arms can wield these blades,  
 “Shall we die tamely ? die alone ?

“Without one victim to our shades,  
 “One Moslem heart where, buried deep,

" The sabre from its toil may sleep ?  
 " No—God of Iran's burning skies !  
 " Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.  
 " No—though of all earth's hope bereft,  
 " Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.  
 " We'll make yon valley's reeking caves  
   " Live in the awe-struck minds of men,  
 " Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
   " Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.  
 " Follow, brave hearts !—this pile remains  
 " Our refuge still from life and chains ;  
 " But his the best, the holiest bed,  
 " Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead !

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,  
 While vigour, more than human, strung  
 Each arm and heart—Th' exulting foe  
 Still through the dark defiles below,  
 Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,  
   Wound slow, as through Colconda's vale \*  
 The mighty serpent, ia his ire,  
   Glides on with glittering, deadly trailr  
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well  
 They know each mystery of the dell,  
 So oft, have in their wanderings,  
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,  
 The very tigers from their delves  
 Look out, and let them pass, as things  
 Untam'd and fearless as themselves !

There was a deep ravine, that lay  
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way ;—

\* V. Hoole upon the story of Sinbad.

Fit spot to make invaders rue—  
The many fall'n before the few.  
The torrents from that morning's sky  
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,  
And, on each side, aloft and wild,  
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,  
The guards, with which young Freedom lines  
The pathways to her mountain shrines.  
Here, at this pass, the scanty band  
Of Iran's last avengers stand—  
Here wait, in silence like the dead,  
And listen for the Moslem's tread  
So anxiously, the carrion-bird  
Above them flaps his wings unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water  
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.  
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades—  
Had point or prowess, prove them now—  
Woe to the file that foremost wades!

They come—a falchion greets each brow,  
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,  
Beneath the gory waters sunk,  
Still o'er their drowning bodies press  
New victims quick and numberless ;  
Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band,

So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,  
But listless from each crimson hand

The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.  
Never was horde of tyrants met  
With bloodier welcome—never yet  
To patriot vengeance hath the sword  
More terrible libations pour'd!

All up the dreary, long ravine,  
By the red, murky glimmer seen  
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood  
Lie scatter'd round and burn'd in blood,  
What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !  
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,  
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,  
In that thick pool of slaughter stand ;—  
Wretches who wading, half on fire

From the toss'd brands that round them fly,  
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire ;—

And some that, grasp'd by those that die,  
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er  
In their dead brethren's gushing gore !

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,  
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed ;—  
Countless as tow'rds some flame at night  
The North's dark insects wing their flight,  
And quench or perish in its light,  
To this terrific spot they pour—  
Till bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,  
It bears aloft their slippery tread,  
And o'er the dying and the dead,  
Tremendous causeway ! on they pass.—  
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,

What hope was left for you ? for you,  
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice  
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—

Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew—  
And burn with shame to find how few.  
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,  
Some found their graves where first they stood.

While some with harder struggle died,  
 And still fought on by HAFED's side,  
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back  
 Tow'rds the high towers his gory track ;  
 And as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride,  
 From the wild covert where he lay, \*

Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,  
 So fought he back with fierce delay,  
 And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now ? their track is lost,  
 Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone,  
 Ay torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,  
 The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—  
 “Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”  
 They panting cry, “so far behind—  
 “Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,  
 “To track the way the Gheber went!”  
 Vain wish—confusedly along  
 They rush, more desperate as more wrong :  
 Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,  
 Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,  
 Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,  
 And down the darkling precipice  
 Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;  
 Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,

\* “In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*” Maundrell's Aleppo.

A banquet, yet alive, for flocks  
Of ravening vultures—while the dell  
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,  
That e'er shall ring in HAFED's ear,—  
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,  
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,  
He lay beside his reeking blade,

Resign'd as if life's task were o'er,  
Its last blood-offering amply paid,

And Iran's self could claim no more.  
One only thought, one lingering beam  
Now broke across his dizzy dream  
Of pain and weariness—'twas she

His peart's pure planet, shining yet  
Above the waste of memory,

When all life's other lights were set  
And never to his mind before  
Her image such enchantment wore.

It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,

Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,  
And not one cloud of earth remain'd

Between him and her glory cast ;  
As if to charms, before so bright,

New grace from other worlds was given,  
And his soul saw her by the light

Now breaking o'er himself from heaven !  
A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone  
Of a lov'd friend, the only one  
Of all his warriors, left with life  
From that short night's tremendous strife.—  
“ And must we then, my Chief, die here ?—  
“ Foes round us, and the shrine so near ! ”

These words have rous'd the last remains  
 Of life within him—"what! not yet  
 " Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"—  
 The thought could make ev'n death forget  
 His icy bondage—with a bound  
 He springs, all b'leeding, from the ground,  
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown  
 Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,  
**And up the feeble pathway leads,**  
 Death gaining on each step he treads.  
 Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!  
 They mount—they bleed—oh save them now!—  
 The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,  
 The rock-weeds dripping with their gore—  
 Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,  
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—  
 Haste, haste—the voices of the foe  
 Come near and nearer from below—  
 One effort more—thank heaven! 'tis past,  
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.  
 And now they touch the temple's walls,  
 Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—  
 When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls  
 Dead on the threshold of the shrine.  
 "Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!  
 "And must I leave thee withering here,  
 "The sport of every rufhan's tread,  
 "The mark for every coward's spear?  
 "No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"  
 He cries, and, with a strength that seems  
 Not of this world, uplifts the frame  
 Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds the flame  
 Bears him along;—with death-damp hand

The corps upon the pyre he lays,  
Then lights the consecrated brand,  
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze  
Like lightning bursts o'er Omän's sea,—

"Now, Freedom's God! I come to thee,"  
The youth exclaims, and with a smile  
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,  
In that last effort, ere the fires  
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?

It came from yonder drifting bark,  
That just has caught upon her side  
The death-light—and again is dark.  
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—  
That bears the wretched Moslem maid;  
Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran hand, with whom  
Their generous Chieftain would not share  
The secret of his final doom;  
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,  
Was render'd to her father's eyes,  
Their pardon, full and prompt would be  
The ransom of so dear a prize.

Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,  
And proud to guard their beauteous freight;  
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves  
That foam around those frightful caves,  
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,  
Come echoing from the distant dell—  
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,  
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,  
And driving at the current's will,

They rock'd along the whispering tide,  
 While every eye in mute dismay,  
 Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
 Where the dim altar's quivering ray  
 As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh ! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power  
 Of fancy's most terrific touch,  
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—  
 Thy silent agony—'twas such  
 As those who feel could paint too well,  
 But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell !  
 'Twas not alone the dreary state  
 Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,  
 When, though no more remains to dread,  
 The panic chill will not depart ;—  
 When though the inmate hope be dead,  
 Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.  
 No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,  
 The wretch may bear, and yet live on,  
 Like things, within the cold rock found  
 Alive, when all's congeal'd around.  
 But there's a blank repose in this,  
 A calm stagnation, that were bliss  
 To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,  
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain—  
 That spasm of terror, mute, intense,  
 That breathless, agoniz'd suspense,  
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching  
 The heart hath no relief but breaking !

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights  
 Reflected dance beneath the prow ;

Time was when, on such lovely nights  
 She who is there, so desolate now,  
 Could sit all cheerful, though alone,  
 And ask no happier joy than seeing  
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—  
 No joy but that to make her blest,

And the fresh, buoyant sense of being  
 That bounds in youth's yet careless breast.  
 Itself a star not borrowing light,  
 But in its own glad essence bright.  
 How different now!—but, hark, again  
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men!  
 In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand—  
 Half draw the falchion from its sheath;

All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;—  
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,  
 Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!

Well may ye look to yon dim tower,  
 And ask, and wondering guess what means  
 The battle cry at this dead hour—

Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans  
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,  
 With brow against the dew cold mast—

Too well she knows—her more than life,  
 Her soul's first idol and its last,

Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.  
 But see—what moves upon the height?  
 Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?  
 In gasping silence tow'rd the shrine  
 All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine  
 Fixt their last failing life-beam there.  
 'Twas but a moment—fierce and high

The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,  
And far away o'er rock and flood.

Its melancholy radiance sent;  
While HAFED, like a vision, stood  
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,  
Tall, shadowy, like a spirit of fire  
Shrin'd in its own grand element!  
" 'Tis he!"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—  
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;  
High burst in air the funeral flames,  
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—  
'Then sprung, as if to reach the blaze,  
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,  
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—  
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain  
Shall reach her innocent heart again !

---

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!  
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)  
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,  
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to the growing,  
How light was thy heart till love's witchery  
came,  
Like the wind of the south\* o'er a summer lute  
blowing,

And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

\* "This wind [the Samoor] so oftens the strings of  
lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,  
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
 Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
 With nought but the sea star\* to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,  
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the  
 old,†  
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
 At sun-set, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she  
 dresses  
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, belov'd of her Hero ! forget thee,—  
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,  
 Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,  
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
 With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep,  
 Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

\* "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—*Mirza Abu Taleb.*

† For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, v. *Kempfer, Amœnitat, Exot.*

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;\*  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd cham-  
ber,  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian † are  
sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.  
Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain  
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that  
mountain,  
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this  
wave.

\* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—*Trevoux, Chambers.*

† “The bay of Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.”—*Struy.*

THE singular placidity with which FADLADEEN had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and FERAMORZ exceedingly ; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital, which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Chabuk\* would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the king of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel ; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEN,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better for himself and the cause of potentates in general ; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and LLALLA ROOKH expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian

\* "The application of whips or rods." -- *Dubois.*

Queen—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and Imperial master, Aurungzebe---the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur---who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, FADLADEEN, the very profitable posts of Bethel carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of beautiful Forms,\* and Grand Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River,† beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hus-sun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would LLALLA ROOKH have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world for FERAMORZ and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like

\* Kempfer mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him, “formæ corporis estimator.” His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

† The Attock.

those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.\*

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibut. While FADLADEEN, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill; taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hassun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basons filled with the pure water of those hills, was to LLALLA ROOKH all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, “it was too delicious;”—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of FERAMORZ, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most

\* The Star Soheil, or Canopus.

exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal—the Light of the Haram,\* who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her hands, in those marble basons, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,†—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers' quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and FERAMORZ had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of LLALLA ROOKH's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

\* Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan or the light of the World.

† V. note, vol. i. p. 217.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,  
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,\*  
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their  
 wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake  
 Its splendour, at parting, a summer eve throws,  
 Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take  
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—  
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleam-  
 ing half shown,  
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
 Here the music of pray'r from a minaret swells,  
 Here the magian his urn full of perfume is swing-  
 ing,  
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells  
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is  
 ringing.†  
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines  
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;  
 When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of  
 stars,  
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Che-  
 nars

\* “The rose of Cashmere for its brilliancy and de-  
 cency of odour has long been proverbial in the East.”

*Forster.*

† “Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that  
 sounded with ravishing melody.”—*Song of Jayadeva.*

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
 From the cool, shining walks where the young  
 people meet.—

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
 A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,  
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one  
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.  
 When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,  
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;  
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
 The young aspen-trees\* till they tremble all over.  
 When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,  
 Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes  
 Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,  
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,  
 Did the sweet valley shine so gay  
 As now it shines—all love and light,  
 Visions by day and feasts by night!  
 A happier smile illumes each brow,  
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
 And all is ecstacy,—for now  
 The valley holds its feast of roses.†  
 That joyous time, when pleasures pour  
 Profusely round, and in their shower

\* “The little isles in the lake Cachemire are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall.” *Bernier.*

† “The Tuct Saliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake.”—*Forster.*

† “The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom.”—v. *Pietro de la Valle.*

Hearts open like the season's rose—  
 The flowret of a hundred leaves,\*  
 Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
 And every leaf its balm receives!

'Twas when the hour of evening came  
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,  
 When day had hid his sultry flame  
 Behind the palms of BARAMOULE.†  
 When maids began to lift their heads,  
 Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,  
 Where they had slept the sun away.  
 And wak'd to moonlight and to play.  
 All were abroad—the busiest hive  
 On BELA's‡ hills is less alive  
 When saffron beds are in full flower,  
 Than look'd the valley at that hour.  
 A thousand restless torches play'd  
 Through every grove and island shade;  
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set  
 On every dome and minaret!  
 And fields and pathways, far and near,  
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,  
 That you could see, in wandering round  
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.  
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave  
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;  
 And there were glancing eyes about,

\* "Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species."—*Ouseley.*

† *Bernier.*

‡ A place mentioned in the Toozek Jehangeery, or Memoirs of Jehanguire, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.

And cheeks, that would not dare shine out  
 In open day, but thought they might  
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night !  
 And all were free, and wandering,  
 And all exclaim'd to all they met  
 That never did the summer bring  
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—  
 The moon had never shed a light  
 So clear as that which bless'd them there ;  
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,  
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.  
 And what a wilderness of flowers !  
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers  
 And fairest fields of all the year,  
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.  
 The lake too like a garden breathes,  
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—  
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths  
 Had fall'n upon it from the sky !  
 And then the sounds of joy—the beat  
 Of labors and of dancing feet ;  
 The minaret-cryer's chaunt of glee  
 Sung from his lighted gallery,\*  
 And answer'd by a ziraleet  
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet :—  
 The merry laughter, echoing  
 From gardens, where the silken swing  
 Wafts some delighted girl above  
 The top leaves of the orange grove :

\* “It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chant from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the woman assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus.”—Russel..

Or, from those infant groups at play  
 Among the tents\* that line the way,  
 Flinging, unaw'd by slave or mother,  
 Handsful of roses at each other!—

And the sounds from the lake—the low whisp'ring  
 boats,  
 As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dip-  
 ping of oars,  
 And the wild, airy warbling that every where  
 floats,  
 Through the groves, round the islands, as if all  
 the shores  
 Like those of KATHAY utter'd music, and gave  
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave!†  
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feel-  
 ing,  
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—  
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching  
 power  
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.  
 Oh! best of delights as it every where is,  
 To be near the lov'd *one*,—what a rapture is his  
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may  
 glide

\* At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, with music, dances, etc. etc.—*Herbert.*

† An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them.—*Grosier*

O'er the lake of CASHMERE, with that *one* by h  
side!

If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think, think what a Heav'n she must make of  
CASHMERE!

So felt the magnificent son of ACBAR,\*  
When from power and pomp and the trophies of  
war

He flew to that valley, forgetting them all  
With the light of the Haram his young NOURMA-  
HAL.

When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror rov'd  
By the banks of that lake, with his only belov'd,  
He saw in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not  
match,

And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that  
curl'd

Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the  
world!

There's a beauty, forever unchangingly bright  
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour,  
This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,  
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of  
bliss;

But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheeks to the  
eyes,

\* Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar,

New melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his  
dreams!

When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,  
That charm of all others, was born with her face;  
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest  
climes

Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—  
The short passing anger but seem'd to awaken  
New beauty like flowers that are sweetest when  
shaken.

If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
It once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,  
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy reveal-  
ings

From innermost shrines, came the light of her feel-  
ings!

Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took  
wing

From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in  
spring;

Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages.\*  
While her laugh, full of life, without any controul  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her  
soul;

And where it most sparkled no glance could dis-  
cover,

A lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—

\* In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, "they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours."—Richardson.

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun  
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments that  
     gave  
 NOURMAHAL the proud lord of the East, for her  
     slave ;  
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living par-  
     terre  
 Of the flow'rs\* of this planet--though treasures were  
     there,  
 For which SOLIMAN's self might have giv'n all the  
     store  
 That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore  
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,  
 And the light of his Haram was young NOURMA-  
     HAL !

But where is she now, this night of joy,  
 When bliss is every heart's employ ?—  
 When all around her is so bright,  
 So like the visions of a trance,  
 That one might think, who came by chance  
     Into the vale this happy night,  
 He saw the city of Delight †  
 In fairy-land, whose streets and towers  
 Are made of gems and light and flowers !  
 Where is the lov'd Sultana ? where,  
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,  
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,  
 In melancholy stillness now ?

\* In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

† The capital of Shadukiam, v. note, vol. i. p. 159.

Alas—how light a cause may move  
 Dissensions between hearts that love !  
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heav'n was all tranquillity !

A something, light as air—a look,  
 A word unkind, or wrongly taken—  
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
 A breath, a touch like this hath shaken,  
 And ruder words will soon rush in  
 To spread the breach that words begin ;  
 And eyes forget the gentle ray  
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
 And voices lose the tone that shed  
 A tenderness round all they said ;  
 Till fast declining one by one,  
 The sweetesses of love are gone,  
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,  
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,

As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
 Yet e'er it reach the plain below,  
 Breaks into floods, that part forever.

Oh you, that have the charge of love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
 As in the fields of bliss above  
 He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round ;\*

\* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in *Picart's Ceremonies Religieuses*.

Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;  
 For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight  
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest  
     Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
     Lose all their glory when he flies !  
 Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—  
 By which, though light, the links that bind  
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven ;  
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven.  
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,  
     May yet in awful thunder burst ;—  
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over  
 The heart of the imperial lover,  
 And far hath banish'd from his sight  
 His NOURMAHAL, his Haram's light !  
 Hence is it, on this happy night,  
 When pleasures through the fields and groves  
 Has let loose all her world of loves,  
 And every heart has found its own,—  
 He wanders, joyless and alone,  
 And weary as the bird of Thrace,  
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.\*

† “ Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of gold-finches, which sings so melodiously that it is called Celestial Bird. Its wings when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they loose all their splendour. *Grosier.* ”

\* “ As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French “les ames damnées.” — *Dalloway.* ”

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes  
 This Eden of the earth supplies,

Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,  
 The eyes are dim—though rich the spot  
 With every flower this earth has got,

What is it to the nightingale,  
 If there his darling rose is not ?†  
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng  
 Worship him, as he moves along ;  
 He heeds them not--one smile of hers  
 Is worth a world of worshippers,  
 They but the star's adorers are,  
 She is the Heav'n that lights the star !

Hence is it too that NOURMAHAL,

Amid the luxuries of this hour,  
 Far from the joyous festival,

Sits in her own sequester'd bower,  
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,  
 But that inspir'd and wond'rous maid.  
 Namouna, the enchantress ;—one,  
 O'er whom his race the golden sun  
 For unremember'd years has run,  
 Yet never saw her blooming brow  
 Younger or fairer than 'tis now.  
 Nay, rather, as the westwind's sigh  
 Freshens the flower it passes by,  
 Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,

† “ You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.”—*Jami.*

To leave her lovelier than before.  
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,  
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung  
 Of other worlds, there came a light  
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,  
 That all believ'd nor man nor earth  
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth !  
 All spells and talismans she knew,  
 From the great Mantra, which around  
 The air's sublimer spirits drew,  
 To the gold gems of Afric, bound  
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,  
 To keep him from the Siltim's harm.  
 And she had pledg'd her powerful art,  
 Pledg'd it with all the zeal and heart  
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,  
 What 'twas to lose a love so dear,  
 To find some spell that should recall  
 Her SELIM's smile to NOURMAHAL.

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreath'd  
 With woodbine, many a perfume breath'd  
 From plants that wake when others sleep,  
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
 Their odour to themselves all day,  
 But when the sun-light dies away,  
 Let the delicious secret out  
 To every breeze that roams about ;—  
 When thus Namouna :—“ 'Tis the hour  
 “ That scatters spells on herb and flower,  
 “ And garlands might be gather'd now,  
 “ That, twin'd around the sleeper's brow,  
 “ Would make him dream of such delights,

"Such miracles and dazzling sights,  
 "As Genii of the sun behold,  
 "At evening from their tents of gold  
 "Upon the horizon—where they play  
 "Till twilight comes, and ray by ray,  
 "Their sunny mansions melt away !  
 "Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd  
 "Of buds o'er which the moon has breath'd,  
 "Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,  
     " Might bring some Peri from the skies,  
 "Some sprite, whose very soul is made  
     "Of flowrets' breaths and lovers' sighs,  
 "And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"

Cried NOURMAHAL impatiently,—  
 "Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."  
 Then rapidly, with foot as light  
 As the young musk-roe's, out she flew  
 To cull each shining leaf that grew  
 Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams,  
 For this enchanted wreath of dreams.  
 Anemones and Seas of Gold,  
     And new-blown lilies of the river,  
 And those sweet flowrets, that unfold  
     Their buds on Camedeva's quiver;  
 The tube-rose, with her silvery light,  
     That in the gardens of Malay  
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,  
 So like a bride, scented and bright,  
     She comes out when the sun's away.—  
 Amaranths, such as crown the maids  
 That wander through Zamara's shades;—  
 And the white moon-flower, as it shows

On Serendib's high crags to those  
 Who near the isle at evening sail,  
 Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;—  
 In short, all flowrets and all plants,  
 From the divine Amrita tree,  
 That blesses heaven's inhabitants  
 With fruits of immortality,  
 Down to the basil tuft, that waves  
 Its fragrant blossom over graves,  
 And to the humble rosemary,  
 Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed  
 To scent the desert—and the dead,—  
 All in that garden bloom, and all  
 Are gather'd by young NOURMAHAL,  
 Who heaps her baskets with the flowers  
 And leaves, till they can hold no more,  
 Then to Namouna flies, and showers  
 Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' enchantress views  
 So many buds, bath'd with the dews  
 And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance  
 Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,  
 As, in a kind of holy trance,  
 She hung above those fragrant treasures,  
 Bending to drink their balmy airs,  
 As if she mix'd her soul with theirs,  
 And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed  
 From flowers and scented flame that fed  
 Her charmed life—for none had e'er  
 Beheld her taste of mortal fare,  
 Nor ever in aught earthly dip,  
 But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.

Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,  
 Th' enchantress now begins her spell,  
 Thus singing, as she winds and weaves  
 In mystic form the glittering leaves :—

---

I know where the winged visions dwell  
 That around the night-bed play ;  
 I know each herb and flowret's bell,  
 Where they hide their wings by day.  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade

The image of love, that nightly flies  
 To visit the bashful maid,  
 Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
 Its soul, like her, in the shade.  
 The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour,  
 That alights on misery's brow,  
 Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,  
 That blooms on a leafless bough,  
 Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade

The visions that oft to worldly eyes  
 The glitter of mines unfold,  
 Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dies  
 The tooth of the fawn like gold.  
 The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—  
 That appal the murderer's sight,

Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,  
 That shrieks, when torn at night!

Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injur'd, patient mind,  
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,  
 Is found in the bruis'd and wounded rind  
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!

Then hasten we, maid,  
 To twine our braid,  
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown  
 Plac'd on her head, than sleep came down,  
 Gently as nights of summer fall,  
 Upon the lids of NOURMAHAL,—  
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,  
 As full of small, rich harmonies,  
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents  
 Of Azab blew, was full of scents,  
 Steals on her ear and floats and swells,

Like the first air of morning creeping  
 Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,  
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping;  
 And now a spirit, form'd, 'twould seem,

Of music and of light, so fair,  
 So brilliantly his features beam,  
 And such a sound is in the air  
 Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,  
 Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,  
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;  
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,  
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
And voices are singing the whole day long,  
And every sigh the heart breathes out  
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !

Hither I come

From my fairy home,  
And if there's a magic in music's strain,  
I swear by the breath  
Of the moonlight wreath,  
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are murmuring, dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly !  
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
The spirits of past delight obey ;—  
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
And they come, like genii, hovering round,  
And mine is the gentle song, that bears  
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs  
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

L ?

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure  
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;  
 When memory links the tone that is gone  
     With the blissful tone that's still in the ear :  
 And hope from a heavenly note flies on,  
     To a note more heavenly still that is near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be,  
 As his own white plume, that high amid death  
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a  
     breath;  
 And oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten,  
     When music has reached her inward soul,  
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen  
     While heav'n's eternal melodies roll !  
         So hither I come,  
         From my fairy home,  
 And if there's a magic in music's strain,  
         I swear by the breath  
         Of that moonlight wreath,  
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

---

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,  
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,  
 As if the morn had wak'd, and then  
 Shut close her lids of light again.  
 And NOURMAHAL is up, and trying  
     The wonders of her lute, whose strings—  
 Oh bliss!—now murmur like the sighing  
     From that ambrosial spirit's wings !

And then, her voice—'tis more than human  
Never, till now, had it been given  
To lips of any mortal woman  
To utter notes so fresh from heaven ;  
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,  
When angel sighs are most divine.—  
“ Oh ! let it last till night,” she cries,  
“ And he is more than ever mine.”  
And hourly she renews the lay,  
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness  
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—  
For things so heavenly have such fleetness !  
But, far from fading, it but grows  
Richer, diviner as it flows ;  
Till rapt she dwells on every string,  
And pours again each sound along,  
Like echo, lost and languishing  
In love with her own wondrous song.  
That evening, (trusting that his soul  
Might be from haunting love releas'd  
By mirth, by music, and the bowl)  
Th' imperial SELIM held a feast  
In his magnificent Shalimar ;  
In whose saloons, when the first star  
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,  
The Valley's loveliest all assembled ;  
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,  
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams  
Of beauty from its founts and streams,  
And all those wandering minstrel-maids,  
Who leave—how can they leave ?—the shades  
Of that dear Valley, and are found  
Singing in gardens of the South

Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound  
     As from a young Cashmerian's mouth;  
 There too the haram's inmates smile ;—  
     Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,  
 And from the garden of the Nile,  
     Delicate as the roses there ;  
 Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,  
     With Paphian diamonds in their locks ;—  
 Light Peri forms, such as there are  
     On the gold meads of Candahar ;  
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,  
     In their own bright Kathaian bowers,  
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,  
     'That they might fancy the rich flowers,  
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,  
     Had been by magic all set flying !  
 Every thing young, every thing fair  
     From East and West is blushing there,  
 Except—except—oh NOURMAHAL !  
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,  
     The one, whose smile shone out alone,  
 Amidst a world the only one !  
 Whose light, among so many lights,  
     Was like that star, on starry nights,  
 The seaman singles from the sky,  
     To steer his bark for ever by !  
 Thou wert not there—so SELIM thought,  
     And every thing seem'd drear without thee ;  
 But ah ! thou wert, thou wert—and brought  
     Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.  
 Mingling unnotic'd with a band  
     Of lutanists from many a land,  
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades

The features of young Arab maids,—  
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
 To do its best in witchery,—  
 She rov'd, with beating heart, around,  
     And waited, trembling, for the minute,  
 When she might try if still the sound  
     Of her lov'd lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine ;  
 With grapes of gold, like those that shine  
 On CASBIN's hills ;—pomegranates full  
     Of melting sweetness, and the pears  
 And sunniest apples that CAUBUL  
     In all its thousand gardens bears.

Plantains, the golden and the green,  
 MALAYA's nectar'd mangusteen ;  
 Prunes of BOKARA, and sweet nuts  
     From the far groves of SAMARCAND,  
 And BASRA dates, and apricots,  
     Seed of the sun, from IRAN's land ;—  
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,  
 Of Orange flowers, and of those berries  
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles  
 Feed on in ERAC's rocky dells.  
 All these in richest vases smile,  
     In baskets of pure scandal-wood,  
 And urns of porcelain from that isle  
     Sunk underneath the Indian flood,  
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings  
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.  
 Wines too, of every clime and hue,  
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;  
 Amber Rosolli, the bright dew

From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing,  
 And Shiraz wine, that richly ran  
     As if that jewel, large and rare,  
 The ruby, for which Cublai-Chan  
 Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing  
     Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,  
 And seems resolv'd the floods shall reach  
 His inward heart—shedding around  
     A genial deluge, as they run,  
 That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,  
     For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy  
     Can float upon a goblet's streams,  
 Lighting them with his smile of joy;—  
     As bards have seen him, in their dreams  
 Down the blue Ganges laughing glide  
     Upon a rosy lotus wreath,  
 Catching new lustre from the tide  
     That with his image shone beneath,

But what are cups, without the aid  
     Of song to speed them as they flow ?  
 And see—a lovely Georgian maid,  
     With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow  
 Of her own country maidens' looks,  
     When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks .  
 And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
     Full, floating, dark—oh he, who knows  
 His heart is weak, of heav'n should pray  
     To guard him from such eyes as those !—  
     With a voluptuous wildness flings

Her snowy hand across the strings  
Of a syrinda, and thus sings :—

—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,  
We linger in pleasures that never are gone ;  
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away  
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.  
And the Love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth  
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss ;  
And oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh  
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee ;  
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,  
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.  
Oh think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,  
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss ;  
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar that hallow'd by love,  
Could draw down those angels of old from their  
sphere,  
Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,  
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have  
here.  
And, bless'd with the odour our goblets give forth,  
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss ?  
For ah ! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,  
 When the same measure, sound for sound  
 Was caught up by another lute,  
 And so divinely breath'd around,  
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,  
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,  
 As if they thought to see the wing  
 Of Israfil, the angel, there :—  
 So powerfully on every soul  
 That new, enchanted measure stole.  
 While now a voice, sweet as the note  
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float  
 Along its chords, and so entwine  
 Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether  
 The voice or lute was most divine,  
 So wond'rously they went together:

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has  
 told,

When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,  
 With heart never changing and brow never cold,  
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.  
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;  
 And oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

“T  
“A  
“T  
“W

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,  
 But that deep magic in the chords  
 And in the lips, that gave such power  
 As music knew not till that hour.

At once a hundred voices said,  
“ It is the mask’d Arabian maid ! ”  
While SELIM, who had felt the strain  
Deepest of any, and had lain  
Some minutes wrapt, as in a trance,  
After the fairy sounds were o’er,  
Too inly touch’d for utterance,  
Now motion’d with his hand for more :—

---

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;  
But oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,  
Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
Th’ acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor lov’d the less  
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
The silvery footed antelope  
As gracefully and gaily springs  
As o’er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be  
The lov’d and lone acacia-tree,  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,—  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

As if the very lips and eyes  
 Predestin'd to have all our sighs,  
 And never be forgot again,  
 Sparkled and spoke before us then;

So came thy every glance and tone,  
 When first on me they breath'd and shone;  
 New, as if brought from other spheres,  
 Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known  
 No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
 A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
 Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me  
 Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,  
 Fresh as the fountain under ground  
 When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake  
 Some other maid, and rudely break  
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,  
 To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make  
 My bower upon some icy lake  
 When thawing suns begin to shine,  
 Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,  
 That, ev'n without enchantment's art,  
 Would instantly have found its way  
 Deep into SELIM's burning heart;

But breathing, as it did, a tone  
 To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;  
 With every chord fresh from the touch  
 Of music's spirit,—'twas too much !  
 Starting, he dash'd away the cup,

Which, all the time of this sweet air  
 His hand had held, untasted, up,

As if 'twas held by magic there,—  
 And naming her, so long unnam'd,  
 So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,  
 "Oh NOURMAHAL ! oh NOURMAHAL !

"Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
 "I could forget—forgive thee all,  
 "And never leave those eyes again.

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—  
 And SELIM to his heart has caught,  
 In blus-hes, more than ever bright,  
 His NOURMAHAL, his haram's light !  
 And well do vanish'd frowns enhance  
 The charm of every brighten'd glance ;  
 And dearer seems each dawning smile  
 For having lost its light awhile ;  
 And, happier now for all her sighs,

As on his arm her head reposes,  
 She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
 "Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, “frivolous,”—“inharmo-nious,”—“nonsensical,” he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—not to mention dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the unfaithful, wine; “being, perhaps,” said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, “one of those bards, whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it.” Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: “and indeed,” concluded the critic, “from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet.”

They had now begun to ascend those barren

mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heights were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and LLALLA ROOKH saw no more of FERAMORZ. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the king of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful LLALLA ROOKH, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled, —to hide himself in her heart!

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless water-falls, that rush into the valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the

most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitter every step she advanced.

The gay points and processions that met her upon her entrance into the valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and galantry of the young king. It was night when they approached the city, and for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.

These arches and fire-works delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Llalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the happy valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes which is worth all the rest of loveliness.

When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake ;---first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Llalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have ever borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell;--In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, "concerning Feramorz and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith."

They had now entered the canal which leads from the lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons,

they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride ; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga, on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.—Immediately upon the entrance of LLALLA ROOKH into the saloon the monarch descended from his throne to meet her ; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her !—FERAMORZ was, himself, the sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course recanted instantly ; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded, as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested ; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning there can be but little doubt ; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LLALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

## NOTES.

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Page 21.

THESE particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's history of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

Page 22.

Leila.

The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.

Page 22.

Shirine.

For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, v. *D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections*, etc.

Page 22.

Dewilde.

"The history of the loves of Dewilde and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero,"—*Ferishta*.

Page 22.

Those insignia of the Emperor's favour, etc.

"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed the Emperor, is the permission to wear a small little drum, at the bows of their saddles, which at was invented for the training of hawks, and to l them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end."—*Fryer's Travels*.

"Those on whom the king has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles." *Elphinstone's Account of Caubul.*

Page 22.

*Khedar Khan, etc.*

"Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century) whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled."—*Richardson's Dissertation* prefixed to his Dictionary.

Page 23.

*The gilt pine-apples, etc.*

"The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—*Scott's notes on the Baharidanush.*

Page 23.

*The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter.*

In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of voluptuous gaiety.

"Now when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

Page 23.

A young female slave sat fanning her, etc.

See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum in her progress to Cashmere.

Page 23.

Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector.

This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues.—"He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high-priest at the consecration of this temple, and made a practise of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakir. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—*History of Indostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

Page 23.

The diamond eyes of the idol, etc.

"The Idol at Jaghernaut has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol."—*Tavernier*.

Page 24.

Gardens of Shalimar.

See a description of these royal Gardens in "An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin.—*Asiat. Research.* vol. iv, p. 417.

Page 24.

## Lake of Pearl.

"In the neighborhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pelucid water"—*Pennant's Hindostan*.

"Nasir Jung, encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoon, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talab, 'the Lake of Pearls' which it still retains."—*Wilke's South of India*.

Page 24.

Described by one from the Isles of the West, etc.

Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

Page 24.

## Loves of Wamak and Ezra.

"The romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet."—*Note on the Oriental Tales*.

Page 24.

Of the fair-haired Zal, and his mistress Rodahver.

Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Nameh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver, sitting on the river, and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—v. *Champion's Translation*.

Page 24.

The combat of Rustam with the terrible white Dæmon.

Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, v. *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this com-

bat called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophylacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—*Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.*

Page 25.

Their golden anklets.

“The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices.”—*Maurice's Indian antiquities.*

“The Arabian courtezans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as in the flowering tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing, the homage due to them.”---v. *Calmet's Dictionary*, art. Bells.

Page 25.

That delicious opium, etc.

“Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaide, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.”—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 25.

That idol of women, Krishna.

“He and the three Ramas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindostan were all passionately in love with Krishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women.”—*Sir W. Jones*, on the Gods of Greece, Italy and India.

Page 25.

The shawl-goat of Tibet.

See *Turner's Embassy* for a description of this animal, “the most beautiful among the whole tribe

of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

Page 26.

The veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

For the real history of this impostor, whose original name was Haken ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, v. *D'Herbelot.*

Page 26.

Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream.

"The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens." *Ebn Haukahl's geography.*

Page 26.

For, far less luminous, his votaries said,  
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed  
O'er Moussa's cheek.

"Ses disciples assuraient qu'il se couvrait le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchaient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moyse."—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 27.

In hatred of the Caliph's hue of night.

"Il faut remarquer ici, touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abbassides étant la noir, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvait pas en choisir une qui lui fut plus opposée."—*D'Herbelot.*

Page 27.

Javelins of the light Kathaian reed.

"Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Kathaian reeds, slender and delicate."—*Poem of Amru.*

## Page 27.

Filled with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers.

The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendia, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it.—“Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias.”—Sir. W. Jones, *Botanical Observations on select Indian Plants.*

## Page 27.

Like a chenar-tree grove.

The oriental plane. “The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green.”—*Morier's Travels.*

## Page 28.

With turban'd heads of every hue and race,  
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
Like tulip beds \* \* \* \*

“The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban.”—*Beckman's History of Inventions.*

## Page 29.

With belt of broider'd crape,  
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.

“The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body.”—*Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.*

## Page 30.

Wav'd like the wings of the white birds that fan  
The flying throne of star-taught Soliman.

This wonderful throne was called the Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the frag-

ment translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem :" *Oriental Collections*, vol. i, p. 235—When Solomon travelled, the eastern writers say, " he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that, when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleas'd ; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—*Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214, note.

## Page 31.

and thence descending flow'd  
Through many a prophet's breast.

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna :—" Doctrine etait que Dieu avait pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'orer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu' apres la mort d' Adam, Dieu etait apparu sous la figure de plusieurs prophetes, et autres grands hommes qu' il avait choisis, jusqu' a ce qu' il prit celle d' Abu Moslem Prince de Khorassan, lequel professait l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Metempschychose ; it qu' apres la mort de ce prince, la Divinite etait passee, et descendue en sa personne."

## Page 44. .

Such Gods as he,  
Whom India serves, the monkey Deity.

" Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—*Pennant's Hindoostan*.

See a curious account in *Stephen's Persia* of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast

treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

### Page 41.

—Proud things of clay,  
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,  
Refus'd, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,  
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right.

This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted :—“The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years ; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.”—*Sale on the Koran.*

### Page 45.

Where none but priests are privileged to trade  
In that best marble of which Gods are made.

The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) is made, is held sacred. “Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed, encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity already made.”—*Syment's Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376

### Page 52.

The puny bird that dares, with teasing hum,  
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. ‘The same

circumstance is related of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by *Paul Lucas, Voyage fait en 1714.*

Page 55.

Some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously.

"The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamptcheou with more magnificence than any where else; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an emperor once, not daring openly to leave his court to go thither, committed himself with the queen and several princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamptcheou. The emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence."—*The present State of China*, p. 156.

Page 55.

Artificial sceneries of bamboo-work.

See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the Asiatic Annual Register of 1804.

Page 55.

The origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

"The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they con-

tinued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom.”—*Present State of China*.

## Page 58.

The Kohol's jetty die.

“None of these ladies,” says Shaw, “take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation was performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards, through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the prophet (Jer. iv. 30,) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Rings, ix. 30,) to have painted her face, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead ore*.”—Shaw's Travels.

## Page 62.

—drop

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food.

Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs, and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

## Page 63.

As they were captives to the king of flowers.

“They deferred it till the king of flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage.”—*The Baphardanush*.

## Page 64.

But a light golden chain-work round her hair, &c.

“One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about

the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear.”—*Hanway's Travels*.

Page 64.

The maids of Yezd.

“Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz.—*Tavernier*.

Page 68.

And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble  
Blue water-lilies.

“Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies agitated by the breeze.”—*Jayadeva*.

Page 69.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round.

It has been generally supposed that the Mahomtans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderi* shews that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Page 70.

Like her own radiant planet of the West,  
Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest.

This is not quite astronomically true. “Dr. Hudley (says Keil) has shewn that Venus is brightest, when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but only a fourth part of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth.”

Page 70.

With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes  
He read, that to be bless'd, is to be wise.

“In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the queen of Saba, the

floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water in which fish were swimming." This led the queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. " It was said unto her, Enter the alace. And when she saw it, she imagined it to e a great water ; and she discovered her legs by sting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place even loored with glass."—Chap. 27.

Page 72.

Zulieka.

" Such was the name of Potiphar's wife, according to the *sura*, or chapter of the Alcoran which contains the history of Joseph, and which for elegance of style surpasses every other of the prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much est emed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef van Zelikha*, by *Noureddin Jami*; the manuscript copy of which in the Bodleian library at Oxford is supposed to be the finest in the whole world."—*Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez.*

Page 80.

The apples of Istakhar.

" In the territory of Istakhar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour.—*Ebn Haukal.*

Page 80.

They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank.

For an account of this ceremony, v. *Grandpre's Voyage in the Indian Ocean.*

Page 80.

The Otontala or Sea of Stars.

"The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun hor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

Page 82.

This city of war, which in a few short hours  
Has sprung up here.

"The Lescar, or imperial camp, is divided like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—*Dow's Hindostan.*

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment.—"His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual by extensive inclosures of coloured calico, surrounding superb suits of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants and camels, all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses, the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a

booth at an English fair."—*Historical sketches of the South of India.*

Page 82.

And camels tufted o'er with Yemen's shells.

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings, and tufts of small shells."—*Ali Bey.*

Page 82.

'The tinkling throngs

Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs.

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—*Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe: the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—*Tavernier.*

Page 87.

Hot as that crimson haze,

By which the prostrate caravan is aw'd.

*Savary* says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt, from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

Page 93.

—The pillar'd Throne  
Of Parviz.

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parvis a hundred vaults filled with treasures so immense, that some Mahometan wri-

ters tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—*Universal History.*

## Page 94.

And they beheld an orb ample and bright,  
Rise from the Holy Well.

We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine, qu'il disait étre la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb.—"Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiania, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

## Page 95.

On for the lamps that light yon lofty screen.

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—v. *Harmer's Observations on Job.*

## Page 98.

Engines of havoc in, unknown before.

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century appears from Dow's account of Mamood I. "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their brows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits and naptha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flames cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire—v. *Wilks's South of India*, vol. i. p. 471.—And in the curious Javan poem, the Brata Yudha, given by Mr. Raffles in his *History of Java*, we find, “He aimed at the heart of Soeta with the sharp-pointed weapon of Fire.”

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. “Bodies,” he says, “in the form of scorpions bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others, which cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way.” The historian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the siege of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, “A fiery globe by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel”—v. the extracts from *Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan.* in the Appendix to *Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages*.

### Page 98.

Discharge as from a kindled naptha fount.

See *Hanway's Account of the Springs of Naptha* at Baku (which is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger* Joala Mookhee, or the Flaming Mouth,) taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr. Cooke* in his Journal mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water, “Though the weather,” he adds, “was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring.”

*Major Scott Waring* says that naptha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell for lamps.

Many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky.

### Page 105.

Thou seest yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd  
With burning drugs for this last hour distill'd.

“ Il donna du poison dans le vin a tous ses gens,  
et se jeta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consommantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restaient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il était monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver.”  
*D'Herbelot.*

### Page 111.

To eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.

“ The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit season by a guard of sepoys, and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table.”—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

### Page 111.

His fine antique porcelain.

This old porcelain is found in digging, and “ if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the

Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors," (about the year 442.)—*Dunn's Collection of curious Observations, etc.*—a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.

## Page 113.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the air.

"The Humma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen, and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown."—*Richardson.*

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."—*Wilks's South of India.* He adds in a note: "The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

## Page 114.

Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last forever.

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, etc. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—*Volney.* M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cut-

ting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.”—*Niebuhr*.

Page 114.

From the dark hyacinth to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair.

Vide *Nott's Hafez*, Ode v.

Page 114.

To the Camalata by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Inra is scented.

“The Camalata (called by Linnæus, *Ipomæa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are ‘celestial rosy red, Love’s proper hue,’ and have justly procured it the name of Camalata or Love’s Creeper.”—*Sir W. Jones*.

“Camalata may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of India: and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomæa*.”—*Ib.*

Page 114.

The Flower-loving Nymph, whom they worship in the temples of Khathay.

“According to Father Premare in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years was delivered of a son radiant as herself.”—*Asiat. Res.*

Page 118.

On the blue flower which, Bramins say  
Blooms no where but in Paradise.

“The Bramins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise.”—*Sir W.*

*Jones.* It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere." *Marsden's Sumatra.*

## Page 119.

I know where the Isles of Perfume are.

*Diodorus* mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This Island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says Grandpre) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

## Page 120.

Whose air is balm, whose Ocean spreads  
O'er coral rocks and amber beds, etc.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."—*Travels of Two Mahomedans.*

## Page 120.

Thy pillar'd shades.

. . . . . in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,  
High over-arch'd and echoing walks between.

MILTON

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, v. *Cordiner's Ceylon.*

## Page 120.

Thy Monarchs and their thousand thrones.'

"With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni."—*Ferista.*

## Page 121.

blood like this,  
For Liberty shed, so holy is.

Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty, in this, and more especially in the story that follows it as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which, both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

## Page 122.

Afric's Lunar Mountains.

"Sometimes called," says *Jackson*, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

## Page 126.

Only the fierce hyæna stalks  
Throughout the city's desolate walks.

"Gondar was full of hyenas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the differ-

ent pieces of slaughtered carcases, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety.”—*Bruce*.

## Page 127.

But see, —who yonder comes.

This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry ;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

## Page 130.

The wild bees of Palestine.

“ Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm 81.) “ honey out of the stony rock.”—*Burder's Oriental Customs*.

## Page 131.

And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
And woods, so full of nightingales.

“ The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together.—*Thevenot*.

## Page 132.

On the brink  
Of a small imaret's rustic fount.

Imaret, “ hospice ou on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pelerins pendant trois jours.”—*Toderini, translated by the Abbe de Cournand*—v. also *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. v. p. 145.

## Page 133.

The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels.

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the Mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty ; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on ; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for a while ; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *ghell ghonnum ghell*, or, Come, dear, follow me."—*Aaron Hill's Travels*.

## Page 139.

## The Banyan Hospital.

"This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival there were presented to my view many horses, cows and oxen, in one apartment ; in another, dogs, sheep, goats and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositaries for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."

—*Parsons.*

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—*v. Grandpre.*

## Page 139.

Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them.

"A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses when crushed a strong odour."—*Sir W. Jones* on the Spikenard of the Ancients.

## Page 140.

Artizans in chariots.

Oriental Tales.

## Page 140.

Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads.

"Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coin stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace.

## Page 141.

His delectable alley of trees.

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

## Page 142.

On the clear, cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus.

"Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphaeas I have seen."—*Mrs. Graham's Journal of a residence in India.*

## Page 143.

Who many hundred years since had fled hither  
from their Arab conquerors.

“On les voit, persecutes par les Khalifés, se re-  
tirer dans les montagnes du Kerman : plusieurs choi-  
sirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine ; d’autres  
s’arreterent sur les bords du Gagne, à l’est de Del-  
hi.”—*M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l’Academie, tom.  
xxxii. p. 346.*

## Page 143.

As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same  
manner become the prey of strangers.

“Cashmere (say its historians) had its own prin-  
ces 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585.  
Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce  
this Paradise of the Indies, situated as it is, within  
such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef  
Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs.”—*Pen-  
nant.*

## Page 144.

His story of the Fire-worshippers.

Voltaire tells us that in his tragedy “Les Gue-  
bres,” he was generally supposed to have alluded  
to the Jansenists ; and I should not be surprised if  
this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capa-  
ble of a similar doubleness of application.

## Page 149.

Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower.

“In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that  
is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine  
fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten  
steps, and enclosed with gilded lattices, round which  
vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles make a sort of  
green wall ; large trees are planted round this  
place, which is the scene of their greatest plea-  
sures.”—*Lady. M. W. Montague.*

## Page 149.

Before their mirrors count the time.

The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."—*Travels*.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents.

"He, with salute of deference due,  
A lotus to his forehead prest ;  
She rais'd her mirror to his view,  
Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

*Asiatic Miscellany*, vol. ii.

## Page 151.

th' untrodden solitude  
Of Ararat's tremendous peak.

*Struy* says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds that, "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty and dark, the middlemost part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm."—It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it they say exists there still, which *Struy* thus gravely accounts for:—"Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten."—v. *Carreri's Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

## Page 157.

The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—*Encyclopedie Francaise*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

## Page 157.

Who morn and even  
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place  
Among the living lights of heaven.

"As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring head of it in that globe of fire, the sun, by them called Mithras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—*Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, "that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

## Page 161.

That tree which grows over the tomb of the musician Tan-Sein.

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a super-

stitious notion prevails that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—*Narrative of a journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esqr.*

### Page 161.

The awful signal of the bamboo-staff.

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—*Oriental Field Sports, vol. ii.*

### Page 161.

Beneath the shade some pious hands had erected, etc.

"The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected, beneath the shade, pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—*Pennant.*

### Page 162.

The nightingale now bends her flight.

"The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—*Russel's Aleppo.*

### Page 166.

Before whose sabre's dazzling light, etc.

"When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink."—*The Moallakat Poem of Amru.*

## Page 167.

As Lebanon's small mountain flood  
Is rendered holy by the ranks  
Of sainted cedars on its banks.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the holy River."—v. *Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity.*

## Page 168.

A rocky mountain o'er the sea  
Of Oman beetling awfully.

This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris, and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gombaroon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the desert of Sinde."—*Kinnier's Persian Empire.*

## Page 169.

That bold were Moslem, who would dare  
At twilight hour to steer his skiff  
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

"There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohe Gubr or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atus Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held

be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it.”—*Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

### Page 170.

Still did the mighty flame burn on.

“At the city of Yedz in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darub Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at 25 rupees each man.”—*Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

### Page 173.

while on that altar's fires  
They swore.

“Nul d'entre eux oserait se perjurer, quand il'a pris a temoin cet element terrible et vengeur.”—*Encyclopedie Francais.*

### Page 174.

The Persian lily shines and towers.

“A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour.”—*Russel's Aleppo.*

### Page 179.

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on the lips.

“They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes.”—*Thevenot.* The same is asserted of the oranges there; v. *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.*

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasting salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—*Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813.* *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his Third Canto of Childe Harold,—magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

#### Page 179.

While lakes that shone in mockery nigh.

The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—*Pottinger.*

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran, chap. 24.*

#### Page 180.

A flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over.

"A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—*L Bruyn.*

Page 120.

Where the sea-gipsies, who live forever on the water.

"The Biajus are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term the *King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajus perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—*Dr. Leyden on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.*

Page 180,

The violet sherbets.

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—*Hasselquist.*

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier.*

Page 180.

The pathetic measure of Nava.

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathet-

tic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers." —*Persian Tales.*

Page 185.

Her ruby rosary.

"Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, compose de 99 petites boules d'agathe, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail ou d'autre matiere precieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos ; il etait de belles et grosses perles parfaites et egales, estime trente mille piastres." —*Toderini.*

Page 196.

A silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree of Nilica.

"Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk." —*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200.—Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower—Sir W. Jones.—The Persians call it Gul.—Carreri.

Page 206.

When pitying heav'n to roses turn'd  
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd.

Of their other prophet Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusæus*, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him.—v. *Patrick on Exodus*, iii. 2.

Page 226.

They were not now far from that Forbidden River.

"Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden : for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river." —*Dow's Hindostan*.

## Page 227.

Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge.

"The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy: on this subject the Sheikh *Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari* has the following distich:

"Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell) that I may rub my hand to him.

"(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, slicksome, with tipsiness and mirth."

"The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night."—Extract from a geographical Persian manuscript called *Heft Aklin*, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.

## Page 227.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were the royal gardens.

I am indebted for these particulars of Hussun Abdaul to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Caubal.

## Page 227.

Putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate lizards.

"The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head, it mimics them when they say their prayers."—*Hasselquist*.

## Page 227.

As the prophet said of Damascus: "it was too delicious."

"As you enter at that Bazaar, without the gate of Dainascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed

bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—*Thevenot*. This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton: "when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays."

## Page 228.

Would remind the princess of that difference, etc.

"Haroun Al Raschid, Cinqueme Khalife des Abassidese, s'étant un jour brouille avec une de ses maîtresses nommee Maridah, qu'il aimait cependent jusqu'à l'exces, et cette malentendance ayant déjà duré quelque temps commença à s'ennuyer. Giasfar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en apperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent Poète de ce temps-là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce Poète exécuta l'ordre de Giasfar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du Poète et de la douceur de la voix du Musicien qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot*.

## Page 232.

Where the silken swing.

"The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson*.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings."—*Thevenot*.

## Page 233.

as if all the shores,  
Like those of Kathay, utter'd music and gave  
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. “*Hujus littus ait Capella concentum musicum illisis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum.*”—*Ludov. Vives in Augustine, de Civitat. Dei, lib. xviii. c. 8.*

## Page 242.

The basil tuft that waves  
Its fragrant blossoms over graves.

“The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet basil.”—*Maillet, Lett. 10.*

## Page 244.

The mountain-herb that dyes  
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

*Niebuhr* thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. “Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Hascabschat ed aab.*”

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a silver colour; and adds, “this confirms me in that which I observed in Candia; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground.”—*Dandini. Voyage to Mount Libanus.*

## Page 246.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure,  
The past, the present, and future of pleasure.

"Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus sense, memory and imagination are conjunctively employed."—*Gerrard on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero :—"Quocirca corpus gaude-re tūndiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem; animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præter-flure sinere."

Madame de Staél accounts upon the same principle for the gratification we derive from rhyme :—"Elle est l' image de l' esperance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait desirer celui qui doit lui repondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous echapper.

## Page 246.

'Tis dawn, at least that earlier dawn,  
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.

The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kasim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qat (Mount Caucasus) it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning.—*Scott Waring*.

He thinks Milton may allude to this when he says,

Ere the blabbing Eastern scout  
The nice morn on the Indian steep  
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Page 247.

held a feast  
In his magnificent Shalimar.

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste, especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl, made Kasmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suits of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon, is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul Princes, and are esteemed of great value."—*Forster.*

Page 255.

And oh, if there be, &c.

"Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this,'—*Franklin.*

## Page 256.

Like that painted porcelain.

"The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels, fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kai-tsin, that is, azure is put in press, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on."—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn.*

## Page 257.

More perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor.

An eminent carver of idols, said in the Koran to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—*Hafiz.*

## Page 257.

The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Beschan, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—*Major Rennell's Memoirs of a map of Hindostan.*

Jehanguire mentions "a fountain in Cashmere called Trinagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighborhood."—*Toozek Jehangerry*—v. *Asiat. Misc.* vol. 2.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abu Fazil, the author of the Ayin-Acburee, "who," says *Major Rennell*, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it."

Page 257.

Whose houses roof'd with flowers.

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."—*Forster*.

Page 257.

Lanthorns of the triple coloured tortoise shell of Pegu.

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple coloured tortoises for the king's viviary. Of the shells of these also lanthorns are made."—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels*.

Page 258.

The meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters.

For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, v. *Encyclopedia*.

Page 258.

The cold, odoriferous wind.

This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!"—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse*.

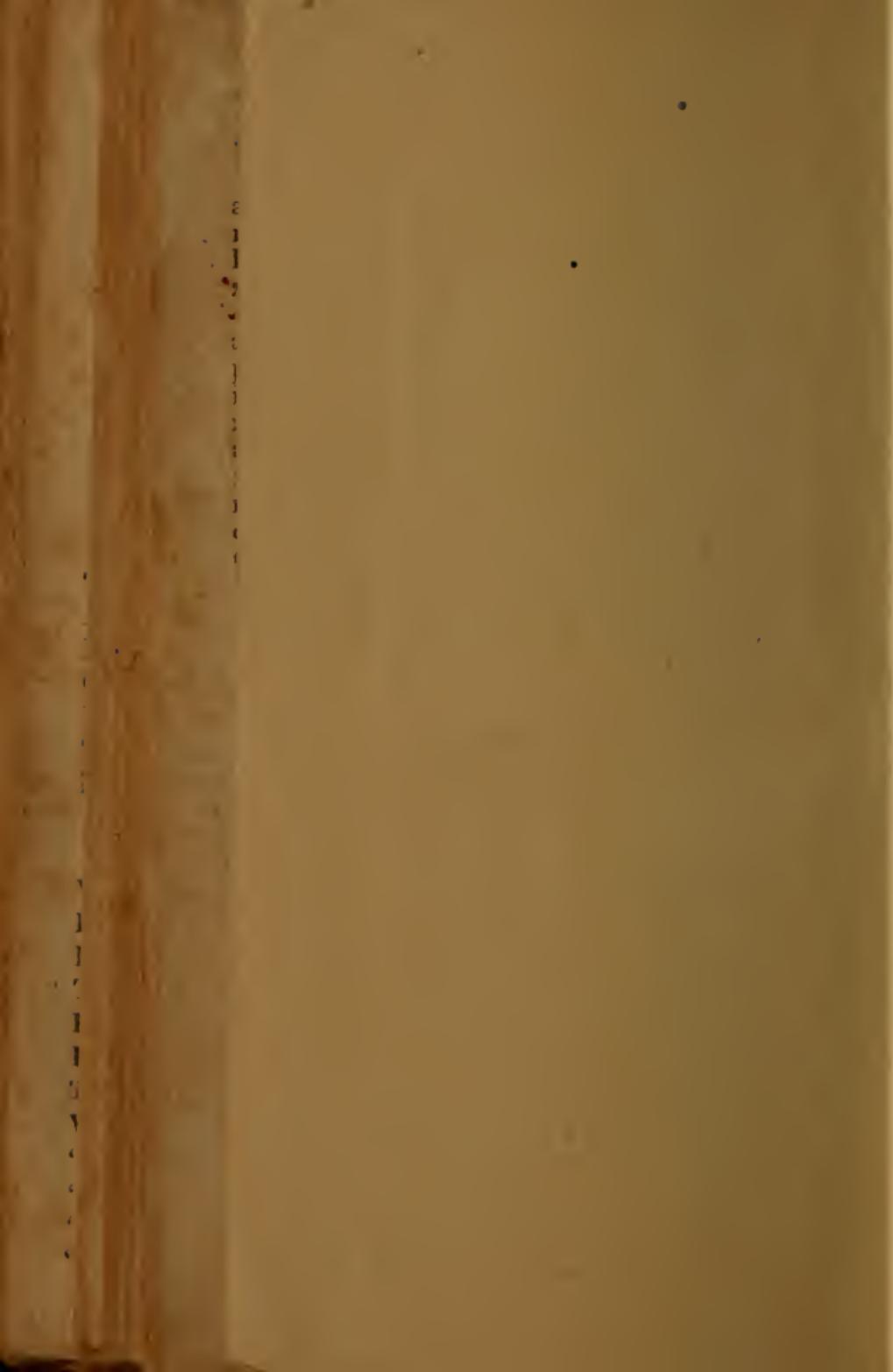
Page 259.

The cerulean throne of Koolburga.

On Mahomed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan,) he made a great festival

and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeli in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth ; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamanee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one crore of oons, (nearly four millions sterling.) I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—*Ferishta*.



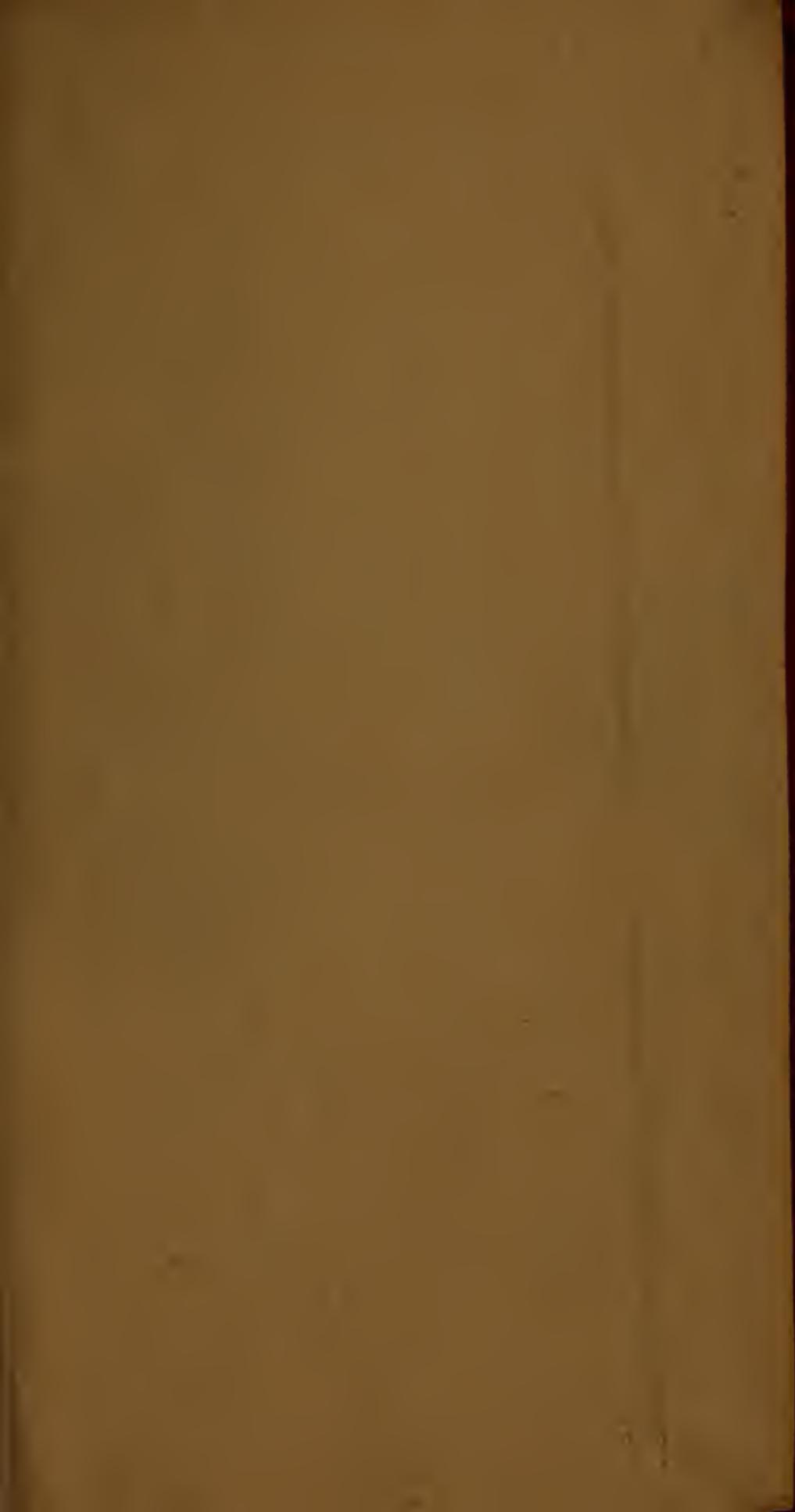




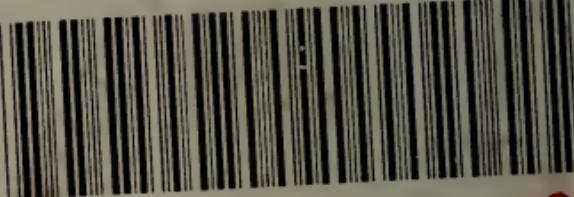
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